

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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A WET MAY DAY IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.

[THE SCENE SHOWS THE NEW WASHINGTON ARCH AND, BEYOND, THE BEGINNING OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.]



# ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,  
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NEW YORK CITY.

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All letters referring to subscriptions should be addressed

**P. F. COLLIER,**

No. 523 West 18th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary departments of the paper, should be addressed to

"ONCE A WEEK."

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

JULIUS CHAMBERS . . . . . EDITOR.

## CENTRALIZATION is a danger.

A MINORITY of the Supreme Bench of this country has rendered itself ridiculous before. But no eight-to-seven opinion will ever wipe out the sovereignty of the States of this Union.

FEDERALISM is a dead issue in this country. Many greater and better statesmen than live to-day argued out the question a century ago. A centralized government never will find favor with the American people.

ONCE A WEEK, with its quarter of a million circulation, is ahead and means to stay there.

WHAT other paper in this country offers such artistic and literary attractions to its readers as ONCE A WEEK?

BRAZIL is quiet again. That country has been quiet too often since the death of DOM PEDRO, and not long enough at a time. After reciprocity begins to take hold, she will learn to stay quiet.

THE Reading deal is face to face with an impending strike among its employees. But, as a strike will only raise the price of coal, the deal can stand it. The deal can survive anything, even Jersey justice.

CAPTAIN BOURKE dealt harshly, it is alleged, with certain people in his efforts to come up with the GARZA revolution. He will be investigated, of course. It is hoped that his sentence will be not too severe. War is harsh business, at best.

WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONER T. B. BRYAN traveled all over Europe, and his baggage was never once searched. Arriving at New York, even packages containing his private letters were searched. In the vernacular, this is enough to give one a pain in the neck.

In the midst of all our plans and successes we must not forget that we are on the earth's crust, which is liable to become uneasy—we know not when or where. Northern and Central California have just experienced an earthquake shock, the most severe since the memorable one of 1868.

HERR MOST, of New York and Chaos, is once more a free man. Freedom, like all good and precious gifts, will last longer and give more genuine good results if taken in moderate quantities. If the liberated revolutionist can spare the time, we wish he would give this plain truth a chance to work on his better, which is his real, nature.

THE Canadian reciprocity and annexation project, which promised such activity after the death of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, is at present sleeping soundly. Let us hope it is a refreshing sleep, to be succeeded by a vigorous awakening, a thorough rubbing and wide-opening of Canadian eyes, athwart whose intelligent vision never again may seal-pup flit.

BERRY, the English ex-hangman, insists that hanging is the most humane method of taking human life. As he knows nothing of the soothing features of New York's electric-chair, Spain's garrote, France's guillo-

tine and the miscellaneous methods of Judge Lynch on a frosty morning when the executioners are in a hurry, we must conclude that Mr. BERRY is inordinately attached to the rope, for one who claims to have reached the end of it.

By way of London and Paris the announcement comes that the United States will purchase Santo Domingo. Uncle Sam might do so, and then hold down that "republic" with one hand and the Arizona rustlers and Oklahoma boomers with the other. But in a Presidential year and with so many other weighty matters impending, the better plan would be to defer the Santo Domingo purchase and put a stop to the rustlers before the heated term sets in.

MANUSCRIPTS and offers of novels are pouring into this office from all sections of the globe. The advertisements that have been inserted in the very highest class of literary publications of Europe calling upon the authors of England, France and Germany to send us their best wares, have been productive of splendid results. FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, HECTOR MALOT, JOHN HABBERTON and EDGAR SALTUS will lead the way, but writers equally bright and interesting will follow week by week in the ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY. Not a single reprint, or old story, will be purchased or issued. Everything shall be new, entertaining and pure. Fifty-two times every year a pretty volume of the ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY will make its appearance in a quarter of a million homes, supplying the best literature that our age and generation produces. No publication issued in this world offers such inducements.

Do you follow us? If so, Come on!

## A THEATRICAL INNOVATION.

At last it is highly probable that at least one theatrical manager in New York will have the courage to adopt the Madrid custom of giving three or four complete one-act farces for an evening's entertainment. Any American who has lived in the Spanish capital knows that at least three of the most popular theaters in that city are maintained on that basis. As nearly as possible, the plays are timed to run for an hour, so that three of them, with the two intermissions, make a very pleasant evening's entertainment. Between each play a pretty ballet is introduced, during which neighbors have a chance to call upon each other in the theater, and can change their seats if they desire. The selling of chairs for one act only—one function, as the Spaniards call it—is a cardinal principle of this kind of entertainment, and that is the innovation the New York manager will have to introduce if he expects to be successful. In Madrid the seats are sold separately for each play, and it frequently happens that the visitor sits in the front row in the first function, the last row in the second and in the middle of the house during the third. The price is reasonable, generally two pesetas (forty cents) per play. So far from being objectionable, such changes of location are rather pleasant. If one dines late, he takes tickets for the second and third hour's amusement. Spanish dramatic literature is filled with charming one-act plays that small and thoroughly organized stock companies can, and do, produce nightly to delighted audiences. In our opinion, the time has arrived for an enterprising New York manager to make the attempt to introduce this kind of an evening's entertainment into the large cities of America.

Let the three-play entertainments be given a fair trial. ONCE A WEEK believes they will succeed.

## A PLAIN QUESTION FOR CONGRESS.

SECTION 1 of the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution reads as follows: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The average reader might fail to see any chance for dispute in these plain words; but the fact is, they have been the fruitful source of legal and judicial arguments almost from the time the amendment was adopted.

What is the distinction between a citizen of the United States and a citizen of a State? The distinction is in general purely ideal. A citizen of the United States is usually a citizen of a State; for, if he fail to meet the State requirements as to residence and other details, he cannot enjoy the full benefits of citizenship, such as voting and holding office. But it is clear that the Federal Constitution guarantees every citizen certain rights which no State can deprive him of, under any circumstances. In this view the "citizen of the United States" has practical meaning; the Federal Constitution is placed in the attitude of the supreme law of the land, standing guard over the citizen against the individual State. As no distinction ever has been, or can be, drawn between the body of that precious in-

strument and the fifteen amendments which have been added to it, the States cannot safely come in collision with any of the latter.

In line with this theory Justices FIELD, HARLAN and BREWER have handed down a minority opinion in the United States Supreme Court case of O'NEILL against the State of Vermont. They maintain that the fourteenth amendment prohibits any State from abridging any of the rights of a citizen of the United States, including the rights guaranteed by the early amendments to the Federal Constitution. Up to and including this case the Supreme Court has always maintained a theory with reference to the early amendments, which is opposed to the minority opinion of the three dissenting Justices. This theory is: that the first ten amendments were aimed at the Federal and not at the State government; that Congress and the United States courts must keep within the limitations contained in them, while the State governments need not.

With reference to the fourteenth amendment the Supreme Court has always held that that amendment does not make the earlier amendments prohibitory upon the States. In the Anarchist cases, at Chicago, and in recent New York murder cases, a contrary view was advanced by eminent counsel; but never has a Supreme Court Justice attached a State-prohibitory function to the constitutional amendments, until the present minority opinion of Justices FIELD, HARLAN and BREWER.

Brooding over these things, the New York Herald announces that we are face to face with a "momentous question of sovereignty." Finding that the three dissenting Justices have only recently changed their opinion about the amendments in question, that great journal deems it not improbable that other Justices, present and prospective, may change theirs. And if the Supreme Court ever decides "that the fourteenth amendment prohibits the States from abridging the rights guaranteed by the first ten amendments, the effect would simply be to make federal power supreme over the criminal domain of the States. It would be a curtailment of State sovereignty," concludes the Herald, "such as has never been known in the history of the nation."

This final announcement, even if true, is not so very alarming. That which has never been known in our history is happening every day; new and unheard of and hitherto impossible contingencies are arising from time to time; and a curtailment of "State sovereignty," warranted by constitutional amendments which the States have ratified, might be a positive benefit to the States in certain cases. A Supreme Court decision of the future, on the lines of the dissenting Justices' argument or opinion, might temporarily annul the verdict of a lower criminal court; but it is not supposable that it would do so in the interest of crime or criminals. Neither can the wildest or widest stretch of the imagination find such a decision making "federal power supreme over the criminal domain of the States."

Suppose that the ten early amendments are made binding upon the States, as well as upon the Federal Government. What effect will be produced upon, what invasion will affright, "the criminal domain" of the States severally?

The first, second and third amendments are not concerned with criminal matters at all. The fourth gives the law of Search-Warrant—and what State asks the privilege to disregard that? The fifth and sixth contain provisions for criminal procedure, universally accepted in theory and followed out in practice; and no State law can safely be allowed to stand that is opposed to them. The seventh deals with civil cases. The eighth prohibits excessive bail and fines, and cruel and unusual punishments. The ninth and tenth are the famous limiting amendments which seem to give so much power to the State, but do, in fact, retain it for the people. The fourteenth amendment has already been quoted, in so far as it affects the question of "a momentous question of sovereignty."

What is there in all this that should cause alarm or reopen the States' Rights controversy? Is it the principle of the thing that disturbs? The idea of letting the "federal power" in anywhere was, at one time, a sure preventive of sleep to certain theorists. But the dissenting opinion of Justices HARLAN, BREWER and FIELD, instead of leading to alarm or other "momentous" affairs, will probably result in giving a satisfactory definition, and an explicit law or another amendment to match it, touching "citizens of the United States," whose rights no State dare abridge.

We are one people, and one country.

It is presumable that when the American republic began its constitutional career in 1789 Old World monarchists honestly wondered how a government by the people would handle any extensive and organized uprising of the people. The century of history since that time presents some striking contrasts in the affairs of republics, real and imaginary. Our Civil War resulted in a triumph for the existing government. French republics went down twice, and were succeeded by the First and Second Napoleonic Empires. The present French republic is still very experimental, and doubt-



less depends largely on the enormous French armament. The Chilian rebellion was successful. The Brazilian rebellion against FONSECA is now in possession of distracted and faction-torn provinces. The rebels in Venezuela have won another victory, and the indications are that they will ultimately triumph over President PALACIO. The proof of a republic is in its stability. Ours was born, not made. It developed naturally, and from year to year it is still gaining strength and the elements of permanency. We have done well so far. Let us take care of what we have gained.

### LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, who has represented the New York *Tribune* in London so long that he has entirely lost sight of the growth and progress of the newspaper and publishing business in New York City, has taken it upon himself to arraign the proprietor of this journal in his home newspaper for want of good faith in advertising in the best London literary weeklies for original novels to be issued in the ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY. The attack is wholly unprovoked and gratuitous. The position which Mr. SMALLEY assumed in ignorance, he attempts to sustain by the methods of a bully. The proprietor of ONCE A WEEK is known to the public. He deals directly with the people. His journal and the weekly volume that accompanies it go into the hands of more than two hundred thousand citizens. He asks no favors at Mr. SMALLEY's hands or the great journal which he affects to represent. He now lays the case before the public. He prints the advertisements below in the order in which they appeared in the English newspapers. In the *Academy*, *Saturday Review* and *Athenæum* the following appeared:

#### TO AUTHORS.

Authors desirous of having their Manuscripts Copyrighted, and the Sale of their Works pushed in the United States, would do well to place themselves in communication with P. F. COLLIER, 521 West Thirtieth Street, New York. A sale of over 200,000 copies guaranteed within one week of publication. For all particulars communicate as above.

In the *Athenæum*, *Saturday Review* and *Academy* of April 9, 1892, appeared the following:

#### TO BRITISH AUTHORS.

G. W. S. (Mr. G. W. SMALLEY) has again stupidly blundered in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, which appeared in that journal upon March 20th, when he says "he (Mr. COLLIER) publishes books in newspaper form in a periodical called ONCE A WEEK."

I do not publish books in newspaper form. The books I am seeking from British authors are published seven by four and three-fourths inches, bound in paper covers, and one of these is mailed with each copy of ONCE A WEEK, or over 200,000 copies each week, or over 10,000,000 a year.

If Mr. G. W. SMALLEY blunders all along the line after this silly fashion, his contributions to that eminently respectable journal, the *Tribune*, must be . . . well the *Tribune* knows its own business best.

P. F. COLLIER.

New York, March 23, 1892.

The facts are these: The proprietor of ONCE A WEEK desired to communicate with the prominent story-writers of Great Britain. He did not consider it necessary to inform Mr. SMALLEY as to his wishes in the matter. After that gentleman had taken it upon himself to criticise the wording of the first advertisement, the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK communicated with the Society of Authors in London, laid the facts before it, and received the following letter from its secretary:

LONDON, February 23, 1892.

Sir—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of February 12th.

I am pleased to find that your advertisement does not seem to be one of the many bogus invitations intended to entrap the author.

We will publish your communication in the Society's journal, a copy of which shall be sent you next week. Should you think proper to publish my letter of the 1st with yours of February 12th in any English newspaper, this Society could not possibly have the least objection.

I have only to point out that if you will further add to your information the terms which you are prepared to offer for American rights, circulation not being all that is desired, we should be ready to publish this information also in our columns.

I remain, sir, thanking you for the promptitude of your reply,

Your obedient servant, S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

This correspondence with the Society of Authors was sent to the editor of the *Tribune* in the confident expectation that it would be published in that journal as a complete refutation of Mr. SMALLEY's unwarrantable innuendoes. Mr. COLLIER was not, and is not, "indisposed to publish his correspondence, or the result of it, with the Society of Authors," as Mr. SMALLEY so maliciously alleges. But the *Tribune* did not choose to do Mr. COLLIER that justice, and hence, emboldened by the *Tribune*'s silence, Mr. SMALLEY has repeated his blunder and renewed his impertinence.

The simple facts are that the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK is able to guarantee a sale of more than two hundred thousand copies within a week of publication, because he sends a complete bound volume of each story purchased for the ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY to every one of his subscribers. For these stories he pays cash upon acceptance. He is a publisher, not an agent. He again calls upon the *Tribune* to reprint all the correspondence and the advertisements that have appeared regarding the matter in controversy, and is quite willing to let the public decide who is right—Mr. SMALLEY or Mr. COLLIER.

### A MARRIAGE OF MILLIONS.

THE beautiful Mme. de Barrios is again a wife. By special dispensation from Pope Leo XIII., the millionairess was married on the evening of April 21st, at her home, No. 855 Fifth avenue, to Senor Martinez de Rhoda.

A cable dispatch from Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State of the Holy See, announced that the Pope had



MME. FRANCESCA DE BARRIOS-RHODA.

accorded his blessing to the marriage, and authorized Archbishop Corrigan to perform the ceremony.

The civil ceremony was performed at the home of Mme. de Barrios soon after five in the afternoon. It was hurried through as a matter of form. The guests who were invited to the religious ceremony began to gather about half-past eight. Shortly before that hour his grace, Archbishop Corrigan, arrived, attended by his secretary, the Rev. Father Connelly.

They were immediately ushered into the blue-room, where the ceremony was to take place. At one end of the room an altar had been erected. It was decorated with foliage and flowers. The Archbishop took his place before the altar, and soon after the bridal party was ushered in, with the music of harps and viols wafted from the front reception-room.

In the bridal procession came Mme. Aparicio, according to the Spanish custom acting as godmother to the nuptials, by special request and in the name of Queen Regent Christine of Spain. Senor Bethencourt, who came from Spain with Senor de Rhoda especially for that purpose, acted as godfather in the name of Senor Canovas del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain. Mme. de Barrios, being a widow, did not have any bridesmaids, but the best man was Sig. Sadavedra, Charge d' Affairs of the Spanish Legation at Washington. The whole house was filled with flowers—banks of daisies, roses and lilies of the annunciation. A short reception followed the ceremony, after which light refreshments were served.

Mme. de Barrios is the daughter of one of the proudest families in Guatemala. When only a girl she met General de Barrios, the most prominent man that South America has yet produced. He at once fell in love with her, but the match was opposed by her father, until he was finally compelled to accede to the commands of the dictator, and give him his daughter's hand.



MARQUIS DE RHODA.

General de Barrios was killed while trying to rescue the body of his son on the battlefield. After his death his wife fled to California, where her husband had invested a large portion of his great wealth. After leaving San Francisco, Mme. de Barrios first went to Washington, but

at last settled in her present home in this city. Rumor has often before connected the name of the wealthy widow with various men of prominence, but without foundation.

Senor Martinez de Rhoda, the successful suitor, is a Spaniard of noble birth. He is thirty-seven years old. The title of Marquis has descended to him from his great-grandfather, upon whom it was conferred by Charles III., for his eminent services as Minister of War, but Senor de Rhoda, being democratic in principles, does not bear his title. He is a member of the Cortes, the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, and represents the District of Barcelona, near which city he holds large landed estates.

THE cashier of the great house of the Rothschilds at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Herr Jager, has embezzled about five hundred thousand dollars and fled.

O'Brien "the bunco king," recently sentenced to ten years in Dannemora Prison, was living at Baggs Hotel, Utica, N. Y., with a keeper last week, and eluding the man's watchfulness, made his escape. He had been taken to Utica from prison to hear a trumped-up argument in his behalf before the United States Court. It was a clever plot.

Messrs. Edward Fox and Hallett Alsop Borrowe met on the seashore near Ostend, Belgium, on April 23d, and exchanged two shots each to satisfy their wounded honor. Mr. Borrowe will be remembered as the New Yorker so unpleasantly associated with Mr. Coleman Drayton, and Mr. Fox was his second who gave the correspondence to the public.

One fact in the life-history of the recently deceased Roswell Smith, founder of the *Century Magazine*, should impel Englishmen to erect a monument to his memory. He developed the idea that American magazines could be sold in Great Britain, and he proved that the idea was correct. Anyone who has been obliged to look over an assortment of English monthlies wonders why such periodicals are read at all, except upon compulsion of some sort. The truth is, that they are not read to any extent which would justify an American publisher in keeping any one of them in circulation; the only exceptions are two or three which have been started within a year or two



ROSWELL SMITH,  
Late president of the Century Company.

on lines very like the American. In the meantime, the *Century* and *Harper's* have reached a larger circulation in England than any of the older British monthlies enjoy, and other American magazines have entered the field successfully, all through Mr. Smith's initiative.

At Hoyt's Madison Square Theater, at the matinee on the 4th of May, will be presented three one-act plays. The first of these is "Jack's Little Dinner," by Charles Watrous and Ed Fales Coward; the second, "In Lilac Time," by Olive Harper, and the last, "A Captain of the Salvation Army," by J. T. Pratt. "In Lilac Time" depends upon its human interest, its local coloring and the comedy element that shows up in clear relief a pathetic and exquisite little drama. The scene is laid in Virginia after the war and in lilac time. Olive Harper has long been known as a hard working and conscientious American journalist. The introduction of three-play entertainments is an important step.

Look under the Arch up Fifth avenue on a rainy day! Our illustration on the front page shows that New York is fast becoming more cosmopolitan in appearance every day in the different styles of architecture to be seen. There are good examples of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Renaissance, Queen Anne, Colonial and a dozen other varieties; but the most popular style of architecture is the one that lends itself to being carried skyward most readily. The new Arch at Washington Square is sufficiently beautiful to please the most critical traveler. It recalls arches in Europe, especially in Paris. Mr. Newton has chosen that particular time for his picture that gives always the most pleasing effects—when the pavements are wet on a springy day during a shower and the pedestrians throw long shadows before them. Washington Square benefits and is beautified by the Arch; but one cannot help thinking what a handsome entrance it would have made to the justly celebrated Central Park instead of being made the gateway to Fifth avenue.

A great fair for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America will begin at Madison Square Garden, New York, on May 2d, and will remain open until the 7th. More than one hundred thousand dollars have already been assured. On other pages we present portraits of the ladies who have been the prime movers in the noble enterprise, and a view of the Shakespeare booths.

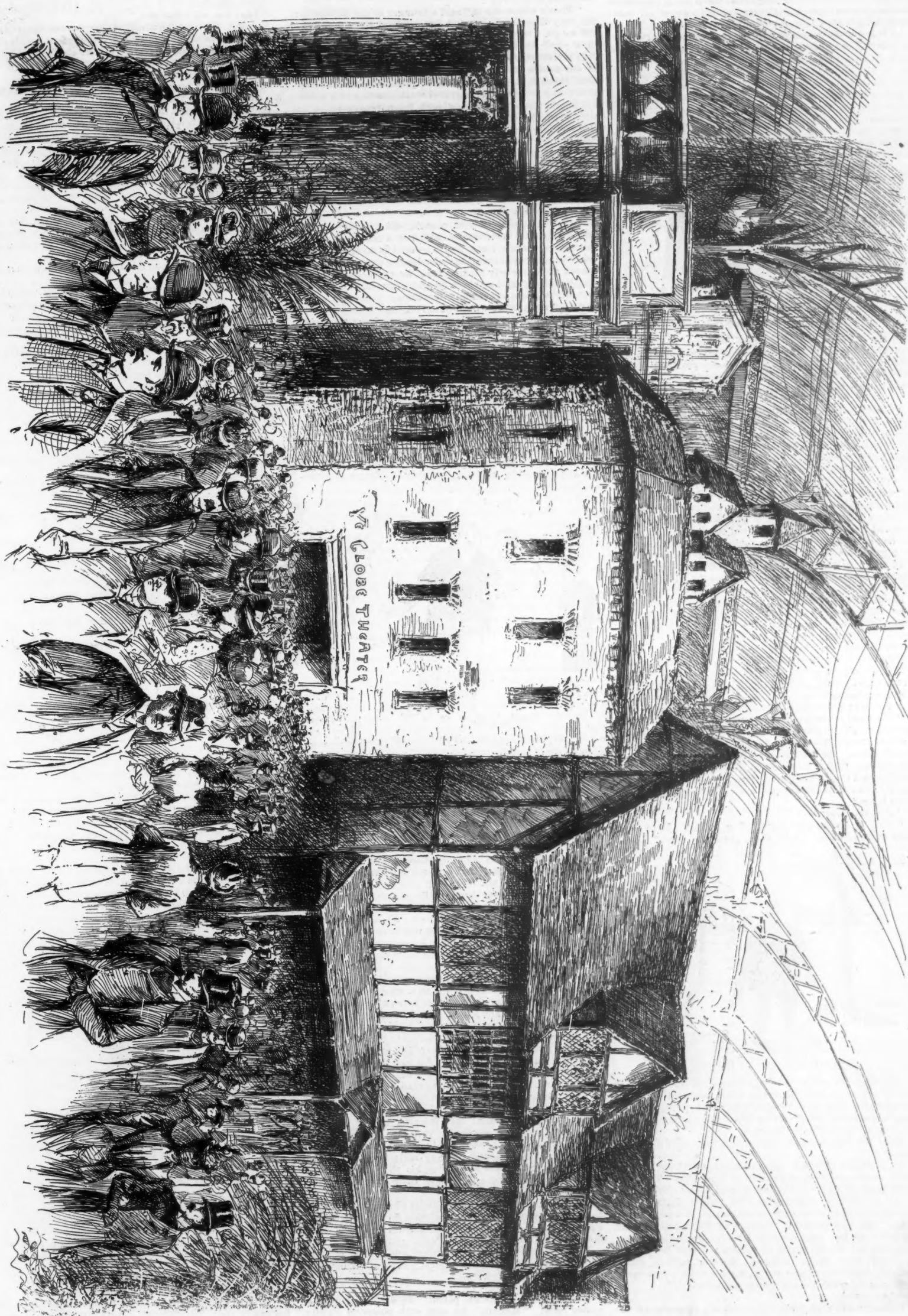




THE LADY PROMOTERS OF THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.



THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR—IN FRONT OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AND THE OLD GLOBE THEATER.





## AT THE COURT OF THE QUEEN OF SONG.

"Go out," said the editor, "and see Adelina Patti; she has had her farewell; she says that she is going from these shores forever; get a high-class screed; avoid all ruts; something that will be copied all over the country."

"It is a grand opportunity," suggested the interviewer. "Now," he added, tilting back in his easy-chair and



"OH, I LONG FOR THE DEAR OLD CASTLE."

kindling to his theme, "suppose you ask her if this is really her farewell of farewells; and what she proposes to do now; and why she chose her castle of What-do-you-call-it over in Wales; ask her why she did not build it in—in—Harlem, for instance."

"Yes, sir."

"And then work up some good stuff on where she intends to spend the remnant of her declining days; make that part poetical and bring in a touch of romance, if possible; put in some adroit strokes of sentiment; make it something to hit the women: you know women like poetry and all that sort of thing."

"They do, indeed, sir."

"Oh, it is a splendid opportunity," continued the editor, his nose for news on the alert, "and say, suppose you ask her what she esteems the grandest triumph of her professional life; and something about the children to whom she has sung; and the old people, and the paupers, and the almshouses her majestic gift of song has for a brief hour made brighter and gladder; and something about singing to the convicts in prisons; how the 'lifers' were affected; and the sweetest and most suggestive bouquet of flowers she ever received; whether from a child or from some old woman; you know; work this part up with a dash of romance; don't spare the colors; make it a 'ri-roarer' all the way from start to finish."

"And when shall I go?"

"At once. She is out at Lakewood, the winter resort; it is one hundred miles, or some such matter, there and return; I will send an artist with you; he will catch the poses, you know."

"Yes, sir; you want—"

"We want some typical and suggestive poses. For illustration, she might say: 'Oh, I long for the dear old castle of Boule-Baise, with its green woods and its babbling brooks.' As she says this, she will clasp her hands spasmodically, and a yearning glance will come to her eyes. Catch that. You understand. Let the artist make four or five characteristic pictures. Then hurry back and write it up."

"And the expenses?"

"Will be twenty or twenty-five dollars. Here is an order on the cashier. Now, then, get out at once."



WHAT IS LIABLE TO HAPPEN.

And the busy editor suddenly forgot all his dreams of babbling brooks and the green fields, and, with a versatility known only to a veteran journalist, plunged headlong into a heavy article on the admission of the American hog into all the ports of France.

Thus the curtain was rung down with glowing hopes upon Act I.

To catch a six o'clock boat, connecting with the Central Road, seems an easy matter. Let that pass. Then the artist yawned, as we rolled away, and he was telling all about his artistic experiences with public characters on emergency expeditions such as this one. It was so interesting. He had sketched Blaine and Cleveland and all the rest. He had gone down in sewers, jumped off ocean steamers, sat up all night in railroad trains, lived with criminals, gone up in balloons. He was rattling away, and the interviewer was matching his wild, weird tales, each to each, when the conductor called out:

"Lakewood!"

It was nearly high noon. The cabbies importuned the

correspondents to ride to this and to that resort. A flag was waving from a big winter hotel, over the trees, a thousand feet or so away.

"That's where she is," said a lounge at the station, for the very dogs in Lakewood knew about Patti's arrival. Off we go. We rattle over sandy roads; a donkey brays in a yard; that means rain; country urchins offer flowers; stylish turnouts on the highway; they dash the dirt in our eyes with true aristocratic grace and snobbishness; then through a grove of stunted pines, where is the fragrant odor of hemlock; a gravel walk, leading to a splendid hotel entrance, gleaming with fresh, brown paint, its wide verandas cool and inviting under the dull glare of the noontide sun; Mercury, in blue, with spangled waistcoat and big brass buttons, gravely opens the large doors leading to the outer corridors; a splendid, wide-sweeping room, fitted with chairs here and there, flowers and all the paraphernalia of a grand public reception-hall, is before us; polite attendants pass; the clerk at the desk takes the cards.

It is the clerk who speaks.

"Ah," he says, with that peculiar dilation of the lips best understood by a woman who has a new set of very fine and very white teeth, and who studies to end her sentences in monosyllables, that the hearer may get the full benefit of the pearly gleam, "ah," he repeats again, tapping with his pencil on the mahogany counter.

"Ah," says the would-be interviewer.

"Ah," repeats the would-be artist.

"Ah, gentlemen, would you prefer to have the cards sent to Madam in person or to her manager, Mr., Mr.—ah, here is that gentleman himself."

He is quite portly, and his clothes are splendid specimens of the tailor's art; he has a full, round, smooth-shaven face, of that peculiar pallor that sets its seal on actors and night-workers; he has brown eyes, good features and a suave address, as becomes such a fine and distinguished gentleman.

"I—I will see," he says, extending his hand—not the upper-cut grip of New York's Four Hundred, à la McAllister, but the plebeian lower-cross of men and women in such stations as are filled by you and me. "I will see," he adds, glancing furtively at a letter of intro-



"MY DEAR FELLOW, I DID THE BEST I COULD."

duction, "but the fact is, Madam has not yet arisen; in brief, she is yet—you will pardon me—she is yet in bed."

And he glanced thoughtfully at a big gold watch and said something about 11:15.

"Now then," he pursued, looking off toward the horizon, "I will take the letter to Madam, or rather, give it to her maid, and—see what the answer may be."

He soon came back. "Ah," he began, "I am sorry, but Madam cannot see you before luncheon; she is very tired and needs rest. If you could return in two or three days—but it may be that she will—"

"Why not see her at luncheon?"

"Impossible."

"Why not get her answer, then? We have come fifty miles to see Madam; the interview will be complimentary; it is her farewell, you know; it is the opportunity of a lifetime; her splendid record should be reviewed with becoming—"

"Well, in two hours, or so, come again."

Did you ever spend two hours in a small village? Ah, yes!—Grover Cleveland's residence here; suppose we look it over? Mr. Cleveland's home is easily found. We stroll down a sandy road, into a patch of pines; it is a lonely spot, in the clearing, with pines all about; the house stands far back from the road; everywhere are large signs, reading: "This is Private Property; Do Not Trespass." And again: "No One Admitted Here." And again: "Do Not Linger Here; You Will be Prosecuted."

The house is a large, square structure, originally painted brown, perhaps, but now somewhat weatherworn. Hens in the backyard. Barn; hay sticking out of the loft; Swiss curtains on the windows; veranda; a comical little path winding to the house; and the fancy comes of Grover ambling up this crooked footway early in the morning, carefully carrying his boots over his shoulders in order not to make any noise and awaken little Ruthie.

The path, it was so comical!

But no one appeared. The artist lingered about, and he and I drew straws as to who should go up to the house; we finally gave it up, sought a restaurant and had dinner; then for the hotel and Madam Patti.

The hour for the great interview was almost at hand. "Madam Patti," said the clerk, "is breakfasting; will you see her or will you wait?"

"Send in the cards."

The artist sharpens his pencil. By-and-by the waiter comes back. "Madam," he said, with pompous dignity,

"says she is tired and wants absolute rest; she will see no one."

"But, but, but—"

"That was what she said."

Think of it! One hundred miles; twenty-five dollars; twelve hours of time; and then to be repulsed in this fashion—it is unfair to the press. Well, we shall—

"Hang around," said the artist, "and interview the manager when he comes out."

It was a long wait. The party lingers at breakfast. We almost forgive Madam then and there.

Suddenly there is a flutter. The guests arise, and, arm-in-arm, move off toward the entrance where we are standing. They must come our way to get out; the dapper manager ahead, moving with grace and dignity, a sort of guide for the distinguished people just behind. Madam Patti is leaning on the arm of her husband; he in a white hat, Fedora-shape, white housecoat, beard trimmed to a point, graceful in movement, erect of carriage. A charming couple! Madam in green silk, over her shoulders a black shawl. Her hair is tinged with gray, but her eyes are bright and luscious. The couple sweeps through the door. She crooks her head; looks over her shoulder toward us.

Dear Adelina, we remember you when you had the measles!

Ah! back in those early days, when life as yet to you was not the splendid triumph your later days have known, and when even Adelina Patti had her way to make in this world and realized the value of a kind word, kindly spoken.

It is the manager who tries to explain. He is saying, as the regal Madam disappears down the side corridor:

"My dear fellow, I did the best I could."

"But did you not urge her?"

"I did; but she waved me off. I would not dare to approach her again."

(And the editor's dream of green fields—)

"Only ten minutes," I begged.

"Impossible."

(And the declining days at the castle of What-do-you-call-it—)

"Tell her—tell her the interview will be of a complimentary nature: no reference to that scamp of a nephew."

"I dare not see her again. She might resent—"

(And that proudest moment of her life—)

"But you know her plans yourself?"

"I do not."

(And those flowers from the children—)

"Or where she goes next?"

"I do not."

(And that singing to the convicts—)

"Or what she intends to do hereafter?"

"I do not."

(Ah, for the adroit strokes of sentiment that were to be—)

"Or—or anything at all?"

"I do not; nor when Madam may be seen; good-day, sir."

He is moving off as he speaks. He is bored. He does not like it. Neither does the artist, nor the interviewer. In fact, we all hate each other.

Four hours longer in that dull town before train time; more grumbling; wretchedness; dissatisfaction. We are left. We are scooped. We are cleaned out; and by a woman! It is not pleasant. It is not courteous. It is not—

"Bah, it is not—!"

And there rises the picture of Madam Patti sweeping haughtily away, her regal glance fixed in disdain on two humble workers who have come quite one hundred miles to serve her; yes, and that other picture—those earlier days—when life as yet, Madam, was not the splendid illusion your later days have known; when even Adelina Patti had her way to make in this rough world—from a Crosby



"HOME, SWEET HOME!!!"

street tenement to Craig-e-nos—and when a kind word spoken, even at a country cross-road, would not have gone unrecognized.

It is the artist who breaks the reverie, and says:

"Let's sing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"You're right, old man. She wants a rest; let's give her one."

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.





WHAT changeable fellows our yachting men are! There was a time when each American yachtsman selected his boat as carefully as if it were a religion, and he remained faithful to it ever after until death or disaster parted them; now, however, the man who doesn't try a new size and rig each season is in danger of appearing old-fashioned and lacking in spirit. Fortunately for their purses, however, and for those of young men who are emulous of yachting fame, the tendency is steadily in the direction of small boats. There are no new boats of the hundred-foot class, which was all the rage when the America's Cup was so badly wanted in England; the seventy-foot class has also dropped out of notice and no new forty-foot racers are being built. Interest during the coming season will center about the forty-six and twenty-five-foot yachts of last year and the twenty-one-foot boats now building. All of these craft are mere racing machines, and unfit for anything else; but that is nobody's business except the owner's. Still, it isn't wrong to indulge the hope, that after all the caprices of boating men have been indulged as far as inclination and pocket can go, there may be a revival of the old-fashioned sport of yachting for pleasure, with racing merely incidental—or accidental. After all that designers and builders may do, it is seamanship which is the test of a yachtsman, and this can be as well displayed on a boat a quarter of a century old as on any of the modern flyers.

Everybody's one-time friend and subsequent bore, the "war-story," seems to have entered upon a new lease of life. Probably it would be nearer the truth to say that it has found an entirely new class of listeners, for since the war ended there have been born and reared some millions of people who have heard just enough about the great conflict to want to hear more. Whatever the reason, it is a fact that books about the Civil War are coming from the press more rapidly than at any earlier period; and as there is no sign of a cessation of activity in this particular, it is evident that publishers are finding war-stories profitable. It is also worthy of notice that among the many traveling dramatic companies which go to pieces each season there cannot be found one which had a "war-piece"; all of the barn-stormers who appeared in blue and gray uniforms have traveled from town to town on railway trains, instead of footing it over the ties. Yet there are a great many war-plays on the road, some of them being so successful as to require all the time of several companies for each. How nearly they approach the truth and give a fair impression of fact and feeling during the late unpleasantness, is hard to tell; and perhaps the listeners and beholders don't care much to know, the main fact being that heroism is always popular, and can be made a great deal more so at slight expense, by putting the hero into uniform. Besides, the war-drama is generally harmless, morally; it never needs a bit of uncleanness to give it "go."

When nothing else in the courts is new and startling, the public may safely depend upon a new claimant to some of the late A. T. Stewart's millions turning up. It seems strange that men who are rich enough to pay for the best legal advice, and who have clear heads on their own shoulders, should not be able to so dispose of their property by will that their own characters and peculiarities may not afterward be dragged through the searching sieve of public opinion; but the fact remains that they are not. Uncomplimentary things were occasionally said about Mr. Stewart while he was alive; but the cruellest tale of all is related by the newest claimant. It is that the millionaire used to while away his leisure hours by playing upon the flute. Such stories should warn aged wealthy men to give away the bulk of their property before they die, so that not enough will remain to be worth fighting over.

The gospel of good health seems to be making its way among some classes which most need it; for last week, in a meeting of Methodist preachers, one minister announced that there ought to be more healthy, stout men in the ministry. It is no secret among laymen that a good physique is of unspeakable value to the man who is fighting the devil on his own account, and there has long been an impression in the pews that the clergyman with more sentiment than strength is not he who makes the best showing to right-hearted parishioners. "A sound mind in a sound body" is a saying which has stood the test of centuries, and churches which forget it have only themselves to blame when they fail to have good leaders.

While our handsome new navy, such of it as is finished, is indulging in squadron evolutions and other operations which keep it near enough to home ports to "run in for repairs," a nautical term which covers as much as charity, there is a great need for the presence of the smaller vessels in Chinese waters. Treaty stipulations never can be strong enough to compel nations to love one another, and there are other reasons, which will occur to anyone, for the general and persistent hatred which the lower class of Chinese manifest toward the people and flag of the United States. It is true that our people in China consist only of missionaries and consuls, but so long as we send them there we owe them the protection which any nation is supposed to extend to its citizens. How Christians, regardless of nationality, are regarded by the mass of the Chinese people was recently shown by the translation of a Celestial broadside, or pamphlet, which Commander Barber, of the *Monocacy*, our only effective gunboat in Chinese waters, sent to the United States. Many portions of this fulmination were in language too vile to print, but the remainder was sufficient to show that for some time to

come the Cross should have the gunboat to fall back upon in case of emergency. Other nations have already recognized this fact, and ours should not be the last to accept the inevitable.

This same Commander Barber has written the most remarkable letter which has ever reached the United States concerning the effects of missionary work among the Celestials. There is not a bit of sentiment about it—navy officers are not given to that sort of thing; but the writer says that, although converts are few, and the doctrine of immortality does not at all appeal to the average Chinaman, whose darling idea of bliss is to go out of existence for all time when he dies, nevertheless the civilizing influences of Christianity are slowly but surely making a profound impression upon Chinamen who seldom or never go to church, yet have minds which are in working order. Like all other men, the Celestial has ceaseless curiosity about such foreigners as he chances to meet, and as missionaries neither lie, nor steal, nor drown their superfluous babies, and as each station is supplied with assistants who heal the sick for nothing, the thoughtful native cannot help realizing that men and women who go so far from home to do good must have some heart in the faith which they preach and teach.

Perhaps that much-abused Postal Subsidy Bill may take on the aspect of a blessing in the course of time, for the new steamship *City of Para* appears to have been as severely tested as if she were one of the Government's own cruisers, and the naval officers to whom the decision was left were as particular as if they were going to risk their own lives in her in a sea-fight. There is nothing wrong about this, for it is in accordance with the Government stipulations; but it won't have the effect of making postal subsidy laws popular at coming sessions of Congress.

Rabid Socialists have long been supposed to resemble the historic Bourbons in respect to never learning anything; but an exception must be made in the case of Herr Most, recently released from Blackwell's Island, to which waterside resort he was sent nearly a year ago for some remarks contrary to good order and the *status quo* of the nation. In recalling his experiences, he said: "To spend ten months doing nothing but drilling, drilling the same everlasting holes was, of course, inexpressibly tedious." Probably it was, to a man whose soul had been full of aspirations, among which were king-killing and the overturning of governments in general; but some day it may occur to the little agitator that the great body of laboring people go through similar tedious routines six days in every seven, and are glad of the chance of doing it—not that they enjoy the work for its own sake, but that they are thinking of the results in food, clothing, shelter and other creature comforts. In the meantime, they are not taking a bit of stock in Socialism. If Herr Most would try to earn his own living in the same way, he might learn some valuable and fundamental facts about the foundations of society.

The opinions expressed in these columns last week about the rush of settlers into newly-opened areas of Government land are abundantly supported by the reports of what occurred at the two tracts of Indian land opened last week. There was very little actual killing in the rush, but there was about as little human decency displayed as if the affairs had been a couple of prize-fights or robberies by mobs. The intending settlers had been on the border for days, many of them enduring the rigors of an inclement season, and women and children were the principal sufferers, as they always are when men persist in being fools. As usual, too, in all such affairs, the contestants were generally disappointed. There is no million-acre area of the world which does not contain a great deal of bad land, as many of the "boomers" have discovered to their sorrow. Land-hunters—the fellows who make a business of looking for some better place than that in which they live—are mentally about as foolish as the small boys who go fishing and are always sure that some place other than that in which they are casting their lines would be alive with fish—if only they could reach it. Before the United States opens any more territory for settlement they might have the common decency to enact some rules which would prevent repetitions of the brutal scenes and cruel sufferings which marked the so-called "settling" of the Sisseton and Cherokee Strip lands. They might also end the farce of keeping the United States Army awake night after night in pretending to keep off of the reservations the people who are sure to be there in advance of everybody else and secure all the good land.

Men who have made up their minds to commit suicide should put off the fatal deed until they have set their minds at something else—the important question as to where the deed should be done; not that it should be done at all, for a living dog is better than a dead lion, and any sort of fellow alive is a great deal better than his dead body for other people to take care of. The fellow who blows his brains out at a hotel defrauds the proprietor of the value of all the furniture, carpets and bedding spoiled during the operation, while he who tries to kill himself in a cab ought to have manners and honesty enough to first learn what a cab's interior costs, and also to send the owner a check—certified to the amount of the damage which he is likely to do. Perhaps if a man were to attend to all this before depriving a life which might be put to some practical use if it continued, he might get his head clear enough to see that there is no sense in killing one's self at all; but even in such case he would get off very cheaply. Self-destruction always implies one of three things—drunkenness, lunacy or cowardice; and who wants to leave such a record behind him in this world, to say nothing of the sorry figure he will cut in the next, where all the reporters know their business and never bring in a story with a single drop of whitewash upon it?

The recent competition for the vacant brigadier-gen-

eral's commission in the United States Army was not at all discreditable to any of the contestants; but it was a disgrace to the National Government. Almost all of the colonels in our army were candidates, not by original intention, but because the lack of any rule as to promotion above the rank of colonel compels each officer of that rank to make application and hunt for "influence" in the interest of his own self-respect, the matter not being settled by fitness, but by favor. As a consequence, a number of brave and efficient soldiers are compelled to feel humiliated and sore at heart after each promotion to the rank of general officer, which is not made according to seniority. The moral effect is as bad as that of a contest for a Presidential nomination, while the good results are absolutely invisible. They manage such things better in the navy; each naval officer knows who, when a vacancy occurs, will step into the empty shoes; so there are none of the heartburnings which are more destructive of life and spirit than any number of wounds and privations. The military excuse is, in the case of a general officer's position, that there are but nine general officers in our army, so great discretion should be observed in selecting the men for such positions; but the truth is, that there is not a department or division of the army which could not at the present time be safely entrusted to the senior colonel who chances to be in it at the present time. As to preparation for time of war, everybody knows that no effort can prevent great changes, and many of them, when troops are in the field against a skilled enemy. Our army officers deserve better of their country than to be dependent upon political and personal favor when promotions are in order. We are a republic—not an aristocracy.

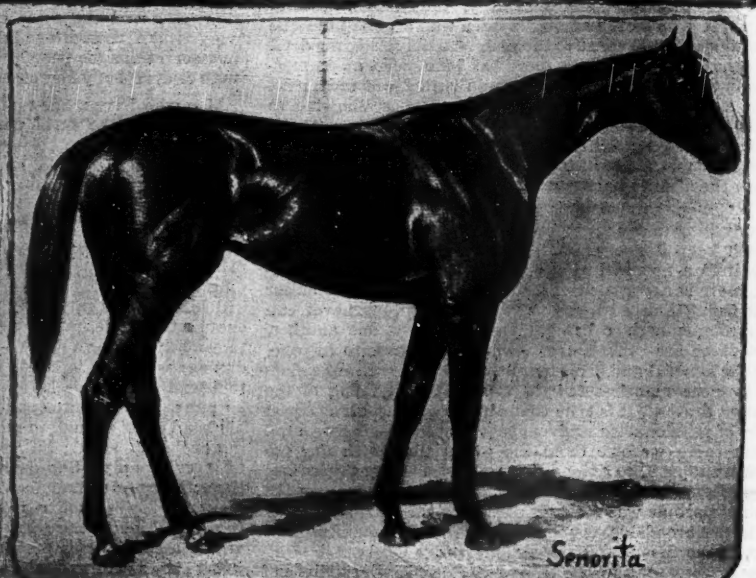
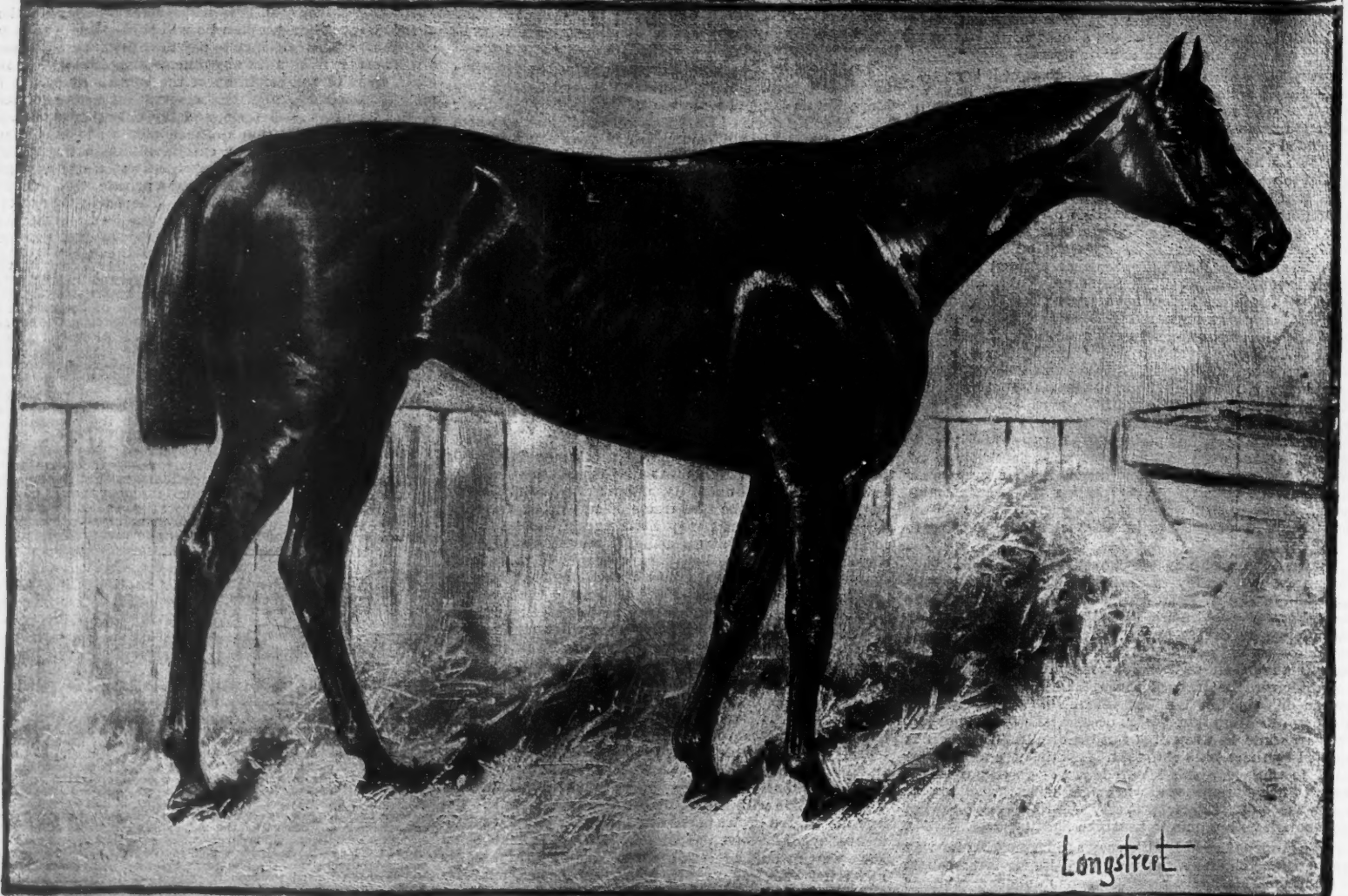
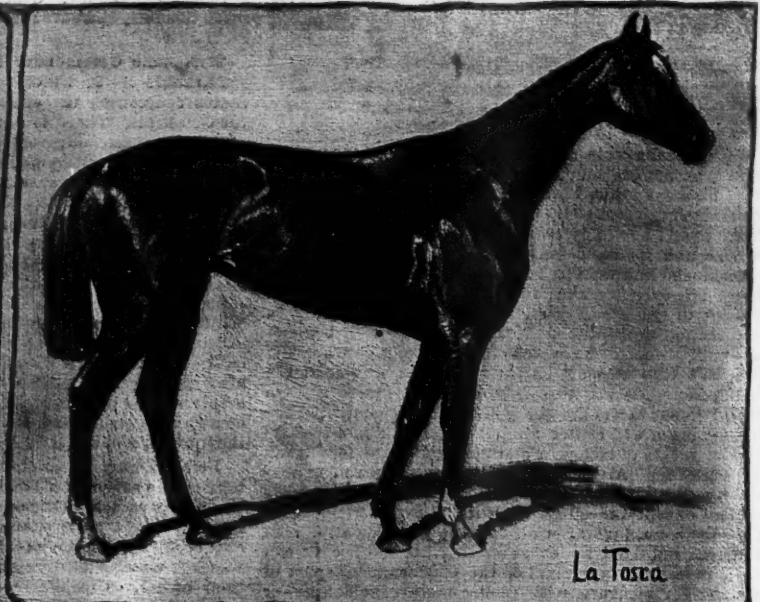
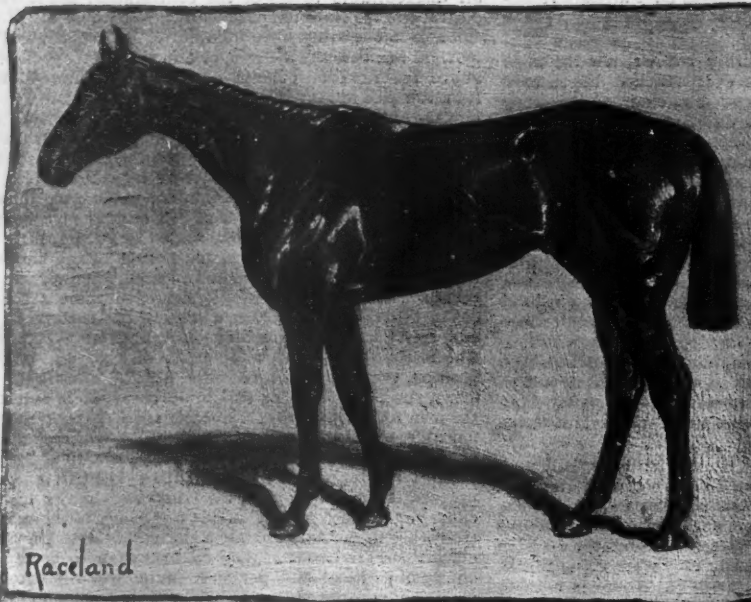
Another military subject which deserves the attention of the sixty million people who will be depended upon to stay home and earn money to pay the bills in case we have a war sprung upon us at any time, is suggested by the recent report of the condition of the British Army. It is said that one-half of the men are unfit for active service, should they be called upon, and the only excuse the authorities can give is that the men most fit to be soldiers do not enlist to any great extent, although the British soldier is far better treated than he was a century ago. The true reason is, that in England a private soldier ranks, socially, about as low as a tramp. There would be a very little exaggeration in saying that the same statement might be made about our own soldiers, and that this fact explains why the percentage of desertions in the army of this Republic is greater than in any other army in the world. Our regular army is better officered, better paid, better clothed, better fed and in every way better treated than any other armed force on the face of the earth; it provides for the promotion of meritorious men in the ranks, and assures every man of retirement, at the end of thirty years' service, on pay large enough to support life comfortably. With all of these inducements, the army ought to attract thousands of aspiring young fellows every year, but it doesn't. No one wants to go through hell—in the shape of bad company—for the sake of reaching heaven, and a great deal of the human stuff in the ranks of the army is as bad company as anyone can fall into. Some regular officers would have it remain so; they don't want to have gentlemen or thinking men under their command. Others are possessed of the sensible idea that the smaller an army, the better each individual member should be, and that a republic with a small army should manage its military establishment on republican principles—use only the best men, and give each a fair show to become better.



SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES, the new head of the New York police force, is a tall, stout-built, somewhat stoop-shouldered man, with wrinkled, beetling brows, thin, gray hair and a boisterous mustache, and in manner is affable almost to courtliness. He fixes you with his keen, brown eyes during a conversation, while he takes a mental portrait of you from tip to toe, listening like a lawyer hearing a client's case, but what he thinks he keeps to himself, for his calling has made him the most uncommunicative and inaccessible personage in New York. He apparently enjoys his business, and it is said that his chief pleasure in life, when his day's work is over, is to prow around town on the lookout for stray criminals or informing himself of the ability and diligences of his small army of detectives. He is severely simple. That is to say, he conducts the detective business in as methodical a manner as another man might run a grocery, and never indulges in the cheap theatrical devices so often resorted to by those detectives we read of in books. His career is of his own making. Being early left an orphan, he had to work hard for a living before he became a policeman. This was just eight-and-twenty years ago. He made his first big mark in the celebrated Manhattan Bank burglary, and subsequently continued to make other big marks in other celebrated cases until he won his spurs as one of the ablest detectives of the century and became Chief of the Detective Bureau. He was quite recently promoted to Superintendent of the Police, and promptly proceeded to shake up the force in a healthy and quite unheard-of fashion. He is in constant receipt of threatening and other letters from crooks and cranks whom he has "sent up," yet, without, he never carries a pistol and seldom dons uniform nowadays. He is naturally a profoundly interesting conversationalist, for he knows everything about everybody.

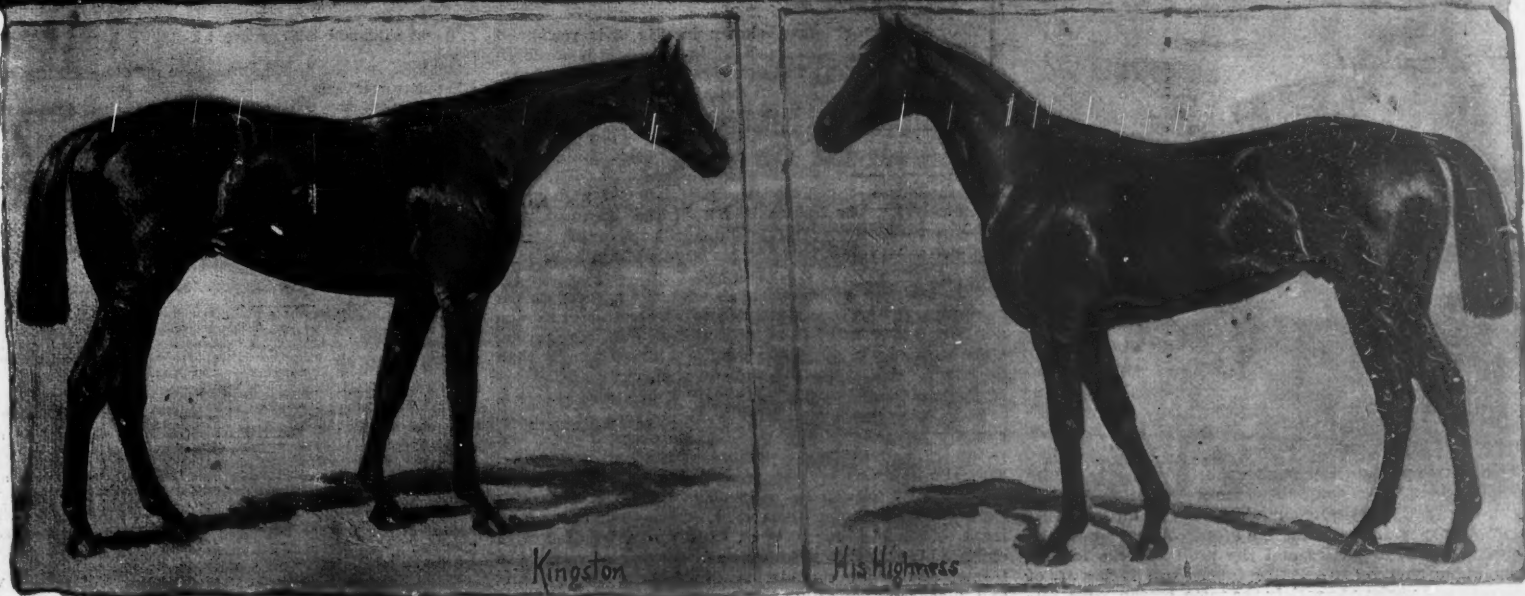
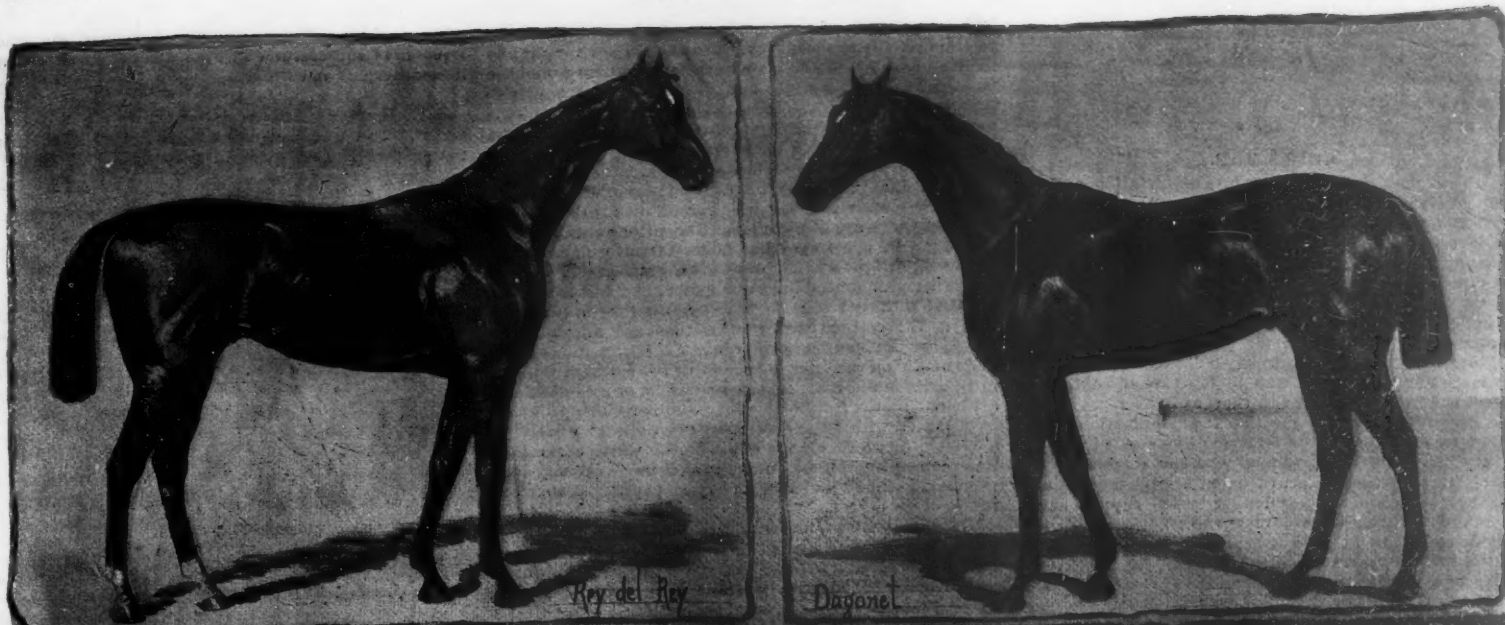
F. HOPKINSON SMITH, the well-known writer, is a tall, erect-built, beetle-browed man of four-and-fifty, with curly, fair hair, parted in the middle, and a heavy mustache. He is a Baltimorean by birth, of Virginian descent, one of his ancestors having signed the Declaration of Independence, and in manner is alert, cheery and singularly un-Southern. He is also singularly versatile. Beginning life as a clerk in a hardware-store, he quickly worked his way up until he became superintendent of the Calvert Iron Works in Baltimore. He subsequently started out as a metal broker on his own account, and turned his attention to building lighthouses and breakwaters, and he has made it pay. He is now a civil engineer by profession, and in his leisure moments finds time to trifle with painting, having drawn some landscapes of quite remarkable merit, while "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" speaks for his literary ability. He recently declared that his reason for writing this book was to "show the North that noble chivalry, refinement and unselfishness could dwell in a man who owned but one coat and had to trim the ragged edges of his cuffs, and to prove to it that to receive the hospitality of such a man, even if he had nothing to offer him but bread, would make anyone, because of the gracious kindness with which it would be offered, happier and better, and more anxious to be a gentleman. On the other hand, to show the South, through the character of Triggs, that the North was capable of appreciating and loving such a character and such hospitality." He has now taken to lecturing, and as a reader of his own works has attained a remarkable success. Yet, with all these accomplishments, he is quite a modest man, with a personality so irresistible that it charms all who come in contact with him, and they are many. He doesn't waste one minute in the day, and he can tell a story without missing the point.





FAVORITES FOR THE BROOKLYN AND SUBURBAN HANDICAPS.





FAVORITES FOR THE GREAT HANDICAPS.





## COURTSHIP.

In these cynical *fin de siècle* days of flirtation and experiments with hearts, the old-fashioned word "courtship" is seldom heard. Time was when its significance was deep and sweet. But we have changed all that.

The approach to matrimony now is along a very desolate and dusty highway. The practical question of dollars and cents must be met, and a young man who would wooing go these days must be ready, not only to satisfy the anxiety of parents as to the material welfare of their daughter, but to demonstrate beyond a reasonable doubt to the prudent young woman in the case his ability to protect her from the briars and thorns of poverty.

It is merely a sign of the times; an indication of the thrifty, practical, matter-of-fact conditions of nineteenth century life. The young woman who can, during her admirer's impassioned speeches, calculate his income to a vulgar fraction and decide whether it will support her in the luxury befitting the station to which it hath pleased Providence to call her, is not heartless or unsympathetic. She is a thrifty product of modern ideas.

She is guarding, too, the interests of the family, and therefore of the State, in planning defenses against poverty and debt. The *fin de siècle* girl is therefore a social economist. As such she is entitled to the commendation of the public.

Provident, prudent and far-seeing, the girl of this end of the century has little in common with the blue-ribbon and white-muslin heroine of old-time sentiment. The typical, athletic, well-groomed, self-possessed girl of to-day has a profound contempt for the milk-and-water little creature of long ago, who looked up to the man who loved and courted her as to a god.

Thus on the "dusty matrimonial highway," where races between gilded chariots are not infrequent, there is small room for lovers to walk hand in hand. There is too much noise and confusion, too much display, laughter, jesting and flirting, with an occasional runaway, smash and general wreck.

And yet, amid the passing procession there are doubtless a few who sometimes look back through the din and uproar to the dear old-fashioned garden of courtship. A gentle pleasance it was, abloom with sweetness and filled with fragrance. Pansies there were for thought, and columbines; fennel, too, and possibly a bit of rue; and rosemary—*pray, love, remember*. Tired, worldly eyes grow dim, perhaps, and lethargic hearts throb an instant faster as a fleeting memory stirs the brain and a whiff of rosemary is wafted from the distant garden of courtship.

About this time the wise woman buildeth her cotton and muslin frocks. Then, when the thermometer indicates ninety degrees in the shade, and foolish women, scarlet of face and worried as to expression, are haunting the shops and scrambling over their delayed Summer wardrobes, the wise woman comes forth in a fresh gown each day, with the serenity of soul that only a correct and faultless costume can give.

If one asks: "How many Summer frocks shall I have?" the reply unquestionably should be: "As many as your purse can afford."



FIG. 4.

One or two pretty gingham for morning wear are quite indispensable. Then come the chambrays, cotton Bedford cords, challies, mohairs, organdies and the dotted Swiss muslins from which to select the afternoon costumes, the gowns for garden parties and the pretty frocks for unceremonious evening wear. The fabrics this Spring are of a texture and variety to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious woman. A walk through the shops reveals a ka-

leidoscopic mass of shimmering stuffs in which all the rainbow and opaline tints ever dreamed of are caught and imprisoned. All the delicate hues have returned, and the pale pinks, blues, mauves and greens are shown in cottons and organdies. The designs are particularly delicate and poetic. Sprays of flowers, rosebuds, bow-knots and wreaths are reproduced on every fabric. Our old friend, the polka-dot, is on hand once more, and with it comes the wheel design noticeable on chambrays and gingham. There are few stripes, but an innumerable army of plaids. Many of these are of marvelous dimensions and gorgeous coloring. In one importing house tartan gingham, introducing bright-scarlet, dark-blue, grass-green, daffodil and other pronounced hues are shown, and this somewhat startling novelty seems to have captured my lady's fickle fancy. The cotton Bedfords, as they are now denominated, are the leading novelty, and are shown in beautiful and surprising varieties. A pale-blue has a design of morning glories in old rose; a white, a design of pale-pink dots arranged in the form of a dart; another white ground is besprinkled with large bow-knots of a delicate olive tint; a mauve Bedford shows a design of white carnations. They come also in plain surfaces, and, made up with lace, velvet and ribbons, will be the most popular cotton costumes of the season.

Organdies show a multitude of exquisite designs. One, a faint pearl, is splashed with big red and pale-pink roses; a pale-pink ground shows a design of azalias; a turquoise tint is embellished with wreaths of forget-me-nots tied with bow-knots of pale-blue ribbon; a black organdie displays a fleur-de-lis. The dotted Swiss muslins of our childhood are again to the fore, and no fabric is more suitable for smart watering-place frocks.

Several appropriate designs are given for Summer gowns. Fig. 1 shows a frock of the dainty material known as toile d'Irlande. It is a sheer transparent fabric almost as delicate as organdie. This costume is fashioned from pistache toile. The skirt, which is not trained, has a deep flounce of Irish point lace, headed by a broad moiré ribbon of a shade slightly darker than the material of the frock. The yoke is made of alternate stripes of the point and ribbon, and the gathered bodice is finished by a sash of the rib-



FIG. 1.

bon. The sleeves are quaintly trimmed with the ribbon; a collar of the point finishes the dainty study in green.

Fig. 2 is a charming gown for demi-toilette of organdie of a faint-gray tone. The gathered flounce is headed by ribbon of a primrose-yellow hue. Coquettish little bows are placed at intervals along the heading. The bodice and sleeves are full. The ribbon ornamentation is pretty, and a decided novelty are the full lace epaulets.

The very smart gown shown in Fig. 3 is rose-hued Bedford cord. The skirt has a slight train, and is bordered across the front with a full flounce of heavy white guipure lace. The chemisette, deep cuffs and Swiss belt are of the lace, which should be used without fullness. Rosettes of pale-pink moiré ribbon finish the flounce and a rosette catches the bodice across the lace.

A white cotton Bedford is shown in Fig. 4. The skirt is of moderate length, and the coat is faced with moss-green velvet. The bodice is round, and trimmed with three rows of the velvet. The hat is of green straw, trimmed with velvet and one saucily-nodding, huge pink rose.

Fig. 5 shows an excellent model for a gingham or chambray gown. The style is princesse, and requires an absolute perfection of fit to make it desirable. The revers, cuffs and side-fold are of velvet of a darker shade than the gown. A dove-gray chambray, with cuffs and revers of pink velvet and vest of gray chiffon, would be effective.

A sensible gown for shopping or morning wear in the country is made of black-and-white checked gingham, powdered with alternate polka-dots of black and white. The trimmings are of Irish point and black moiré ribbon.

A decided novelty are skirts and blazers of pique for country and watering-place wear. One shown at a prominent importing house is of white pique striped with electric blue. Skirt and blazer are cut precisely after the fashion of the wool models. Another house shows a skirt and blazer of navy-blue pique ornamented with small white dots. With this a gray silk blouse, striped with

white, is worn. Women having discovered the ease and freedom of this costume in wool will not be slow to adopt its counterpart in cotton.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the California novelist and writer, whose work has received the flattery of the London newspapers, has returned to take up her abode in New



FIG. 5.

York. Mrs. Atherton is an indefatigable worker, and, for a young woman, has accomplished an enormous amount of work. A new novel will appear shortly in *Lippincott's*. Mrs. Atherton is seen these days in a costume of navy-blue and white, which is a very effective setting for her honey-tinted hair and green eyes with black lashes. The lady's pet fad is to establish a California literature. Mrs. Atherton's rooms are a dream in green, and one entering them for the first time imagines oneself in woodland depths. Surely the couch yonder is a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, and screens, draperies and portières artistically arranged carry out the forest effect.

Mrs. French-Sheldon believes it is a woman's bounden duty to look pretty under any and all conditions. To this end she carried through the depths of an East African wilderness one dozen white flannel costumes, forty silk gowns of easy-flowing fashion and one especially gorgeous evening gown in which to astonish the natives. A blonde wig, too, was donned to make an especial impression. When the natives beheld her wig, they hurried to their homes and brought theirs to give to the "master-woman," as they called Mrs. Sheldon.

Mrs. Margaret Stanton Lawrence, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is teaching physical culture in a New York training school for teachers. Mrs. Lawrence is a Vassar graduate, an enthusiastic Delsartian and an active, energetic little woman. Her sister, Harriet-Stanton Blatch, is a pronounced Nihilist, and in London, where she resides, is the friend of all the prominent Russian exiles who flock to that city.

## PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

TAKE spots from wash-goods by rubbing them with the yolk of an egg before washing.

Sweet skim-milk will remove ink-stains. Lemon and salt are also good.

White spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate over them.

To preserve the color of brown linen, wash and rinse in a tea made from hay.

## AWARD OF THE LATEST PRIZES.

## SHOULD A WOMAN PROPOSE?

The first prize in this Contest has been awarded to Miss Jean Bruce, care of John A. Haldeman, *Times* office, Louisville, Ky., for the following answer to the question:

"What is the most delicate yet effective way for a lady to propose to a gentleman?"

The lady, by womanly and honest methods, should instill such love, confidence and regard in the man desired as to draw the proposal from him. A more direct proposal from a lady will never be considered delicate, effective or maidenly by any man possessing enough sense to make a desirable husband.

The second prize has been awarded to Miss Benson, 9 East Twenty-second street, New York City, for the following answer:

Let the lady send the gentleman of her choice a photograph, dated 1892, showing the interior of a cozy, home-like room; dainty table set for two; dressing-gown and slippers warming before a cheerful fire; the evening paper and the materials for an after-dinner smoke reposing under a carefully-shaded lamp, with a well-kept sewing-basket and a guitar as near neighbors; while apart from these strictly material comforts, let my lady herself be half-hidden in the window draperies, watching for someone's home-coming. Surely all this must touch his tender heart and appeal to his masculine understanding!

The third prize has been awarded to Mrs. G. M. Hascall, West Rutland, Vt., for the following answer:

Say to him: "Will you ask me to be your wife?"





[Each Department written by a Specialist.]

## TRAINING FOR THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.



**T**HE first great Spring handicap of the East, the Brooklyn, is within a fortnight of being decided, but the selection of the actual winner seems as difficult a task as on the day the weights were published. To pin one's faith on any one particular horse would be equivalent to offering one's self as a candidate for the nearest lunatic asylum. However, something must be said of the chances of the various animals, and those whose work has been of the kind likely to warrant their probability of seeing the post must receive the first consideration.

The stable that has figured most prominently throughout, and may be in the actual race, is unquestionably "Mike" Dwyer's. Of his lot—Kingston, Longstreet, Raceland, Banquet, Castaway II, Yosemite and Nomad—Kingston has had a seton put in the top of his shoulders, which puts him out of court; Yosemite is a miserable "doer," and although Nomad is likely to prove one of the best three-year-olds of the year, so greatly has he improved in looks, it does not seem probable that his owner will ask such a severe question of him as the Brooklyn Handicap. Longstreet is lusty and well, if one excepts the rupture to his tendon incurred in his race against Tenny last season at Morris Park. For this reason his owner has not sent him along in a manner necessary for such a hard struggle, and although there is plenty of time to put him through his "facings," it would indeed be a risky policy.

Present indications point to Raceland and Banquet being the selected of the stable. The first-named has wintered uncommonly well, and is being sent along in a fashion that warrants one in assuming that he will be the champion of this strong contingent. With one hundred and twenty pounds on his back, he is certainly not overburdened, as he bore the same impost to victory in the Suburban of 1889; and as there is every likelihood that he has returned to his best form, it should indeed take a good horse to beat him. Little Banquet is a puzzle. As a three-year-old he was one of the most consistent colts that ever faced a starter, nor must it be forgotten that he finished a good fourth in last year's struggle for the Brooklyn with one hundred and eight pounds up. He is as hard as nails, and if the pace is not too hot at the commencement, his indomitable pluck may pull him through. Castaway II. is being given strong work, but he went off so last year that it is hardly reasonable to expect him to have improved something like thirty pounds, which he would require to do to have a chance.

Another formidable string is the J. A. and A. H. Morris contingent. With such a quartet as Russell, Terrifier, L'Intriguante and Reckon, ignoring Ambulance, as she is not likely to be seen out again, this stable is perhaps more dangerous than that presided over by "Mike" Dwyer. Apart from the genuine smartness of which these four nags are undoubtedly possessed, they will have the additional advantage of an early and severe preparation, and will be the fittest of any of the contestants. Russell, who led the field such a merry dance last year for the first mile, is a year older. That he is one of the speediest horses that ever looked through a bridle was shown in his two-year-old career, and that he can stay was proved by his great effort in the Omnibus at Morris Park, with one hundred and twenty-nine pounds up, after he had been disappointed in making his run. Fit and well he has ever been a great colt, and, as Mr. Alfred Hennen Morris assured me, he has been doing extremely well in his work. I must confess to a penchant for this son of Eolus and Tillie Russell.

Wyndham Walden is "sweet" on L'Intriguante, and if only her legs stand the crucial test, no horse can outrun her the first mile. Terrifier, whose legs are in a better state of preservation, is also as fast as "they make 'em" for a mile or a mile and an eighth, and he, too, has greatly pleased his trainer.

With three such fast animals—and animals that all come early—to do battle for them, it is only in the natural order of things that one of them should be contesting at the finish—for it must be considered that the other candidates will not only have one Morris crack fighting out the pace with him, but he will have to contend with three, and, what is more important, not all at the same part of the race, but one at a time.

A horse that is decidedly "well in" is Madstone, with one hundred and eight pounds. He is doing the right kind of work, looks the picture of health, and, if only he can get the whole distance, he must be in the first three. He will in all probability have the advantage of being piloted by "Marty" Bergen, which is certainly not in his disfavor. If this is the case, he will be ridden with patience, which is necessary in his case, and no horse will be able to resist his rush in the last seven furlongs.

Of those who will in all probability not see the post may be mentioned Kingston, Tenny, Eon, Sir John, Ambulance, His Highness, Yosemite and Nomad; while Longstreet has yet to show that his leg will withstand the strain of such a preparation, provided he is subjected to it.

Bolero, the four-year-old son of Rayon d'Or, and All

Hands Round, for which "Phil" Dwyer paid \$35,000 at the sales of the late Congressman Scott's horses, has been bought by W. C. Daly for \$2,000.

Blue Wing, who ran a sensational second in the Kentucky Derby of 1886, and gained a similar position in the Brooklyn Handicap a year later, is again reeling off fast quarters and halves in his work at Memphis. On a soft track, some day, he will upset a good thing.

Look out for W. C. Daly's and William Barrick's horses at the Washington meeting. They are all in good shape, and will win races.

GOLD AND BLACK.

## ON LEAGUE DIAMONDS.



It is not probable that the baseball magnates of the National League will ever again begin their championship season so early. There never have been so many postponed games during the first two weeks of any of the schedules in recent years as this year. The fact that twelve clubs instead of eight make up the circuit has had the effect of lengthening the regular playing season, but in future years the number of games will undoubtedly be made less. As it is, the constant postponement of games by rain and wet fields has served to put some of the teams that have been training in the South decidedly out of condition, while several players are already reported to be threatened with pneumonia and other sicknesses.

The first protest of the season comes from Baltimore, the city noted for "kicking" officials. It is all over the forfeited game played there on April 20th by the New Yorks. The Baltimoreans had to take the 5:50 P.M. train to get to Boston in time for the game on the following day, and they consequently arranged the New York game to be played at half-past three instead of four o'clock. At ten minutes of five, with the score 6 to 5 in their favor, the Orioles left the field, but Manager Powers and Captain Ewing, of the Giants, immediately plied Umpire Mahoney with Spalding's book of rules, and pointing to Section 52 of the League Constitution, claimed the game by forfeit. After reading the rules, Mahoney found that, as the Baltimore Club had failed to officially notify the New York Club of their intended departure for Boston, and had also failed to start the game three hours and a half before train time, as stipulated in the rule, the game belonged to Gotham without a peradventure. Of course this has raised a howl from the Baltimore populace, but it won't amount to anything, as the rule was strictly adhered to by the umpire, and the League will uphold him in his decision.

It is yet too early to pick out "sure winners," but Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati look formidable. The other teams have not struck their gait.

THE TWIRLER.

## MEN OF BRAWN AND MUSCLE.



**T**HERE has been an upheaval in athletics during the past week. President William B. Curtis, of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, evidently means business, now that the rule governing suspensions has been passed. It allows of the suspension of any athlete who is suspected of having received money. President Curtis was the instigator of this rule, because he wished to put a stop to the wholesale demands of amateur boxers for money before they would consent to box. A blacklist is being prepared, and at least a hundred so-called amateur boxers will be suspended. The fact is, there is hardly a legitimate amateur of this class in the metropolitan district. A few boxers were known to receive money as long as eight years ago, but it did not become general until last year. Now a good boxer wants the earth, or he will not take part in a tournament.

The Amateur Athletic Union has forgiven Harry McNeill and George Schwieger, of the New York Athletic Club, who were disqualified for taking part in the Seventh Regiment games, and re-instated them. This was done because they heeded the warning that they would not get back into the fold if they competed again this year.

At the recent gymnastic contests of the Young Men's Institute, Gustave Schwauer gave an exhibition of high-jumping. He covered five feet one and three-quarter inches on the third trial, breaking the world's record by one-quarter of an inch. He has gone over five feet two inches in practice. There is little question but that he will get the record this season.

Arthur A. Zimmerman, of the New York Athletic Club, one of the fastest amateur bicyclists in America, was beaten in his first race in England last week. In a half-mile scratch-race at Brighton, Fowler, an English rider, beat him nine yards.

Messrs. Kelton and Davis, of the Harvard University Boat Club, were in New London, Conn., last week, visiting

their headquarters up the river. It is proposed to make an addition to the building this season to secure better accommodations and give a larger cook-room. Harvard and Yale are both concerned about the steamers following the crews as they did last year, and unless the practice is stopped, it is only a question of time when the races on the Thames will cease altogether. The conduct of steamboat captains and owners last year was disgraceful, and that a serious accident did not mark the day is due to good luck and not good management. There is, of course, no law to intervene for the protection of the crews and in the interest of a noble sport in which all are equally concerned. The boat-race committee will take steps this year looking to some measure of protection, and they are already assured of the support of Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, and of course Connecticut's State officials will help.

Princeton University track athletes are especially busy now, since, beside the intercollegiate games on May 28th, they will meet Columbia and will take part in the games at Philadelphia and Cambridge, Mass., within a fortnight. A number of the men are at the training-table and many more are trying for positions on the team. The men remained at college during the Easter recess.

Two thousand people assisted at the opening of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Athletic Club's new house last week. The new house is one of the finest in the State, and the members are rightfully proud of it. Fifteen dollars were bid by Mr. Butler M. Heilner, a member, for the privilege of rolling the first ball on the new bowling alleys.

John L. Sullivan has taken the pledge, and now signs himself—"Yours truly, The Teetotaler." In a letter to me from Cincinnati, the champion boxer says: "I have not drank a drop in five months, and I won't taste the stuff again until I have finished Mr. Corbett in September."

THERMIDOR.

## THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

THE STORY OF THE BOY WHO LEFT THE OLD FARM IN PRIDE AND ANGER.

"PLACE a light in the window," the woman said to her girl, "and maybe he will see it, who knows, and come home again."

No one ever knew why Si Barton had left the old farm. It was one of those strange family matters that are simply inexplicable. One night he quarreled with his father, and next day he was missing when time came to do the chores.

That was nearly a year ago now; but day by day the mother watched and waited, and night by night she was saying to her girl:

"Place a light in the window, my girl, and maybe he will see it and come back."

Time went by; friends passed away; old faces faded from view; new ones took their places; the family circle became scattered; voices were stilled in death; hair that once was raven grew white with the lodgment of the snows of many Winters.

"Place a light in the window," said an old woman, sadly, one night in the Autumn of the year; for she had never forgotten, and even now was still keeping her word, still living up to the dream of her life.

And the light shone out into the dark, sending its rays over the heads of the idlers that passed down in the street of the village near by. Out in the night it gleamed, and its mellow twinkle seemed as constant and as appealing as the stars that keep their watch on high and look down in mercy upon the deeds of men.

That night he saw the light.

So long it had been burning there for him, while his wandering footsteps had tarried along the lonesome track of the vanished years. He rapped at the door. Alone, unseen, he entered the room. It was the same old room where in childhood he had learned to say Our Father beside his mother's knee. It was the same old room that had sheltered his youthful hours from the storms of life by one whom he had not seen now in many years. Ah, yes; and in this same old room he would ask and find, he knew, the forgiveness for which his tired heart had yearned so long.

But not in this world, ah, no! not now.

For the beckoning gleam of light that had fluttered to him out the window he knew now was the twinkle of the candle that shone above the head of his mother's bier.

## TO THE REPUBLIC.

Horace—Book I. Ode XIV.

O! Ship of State! fresh billows to sea will bear thee back,  
Then turn about and bravely toward the harbor tack,  
Thou see'st that thy naked sides defending oarsmen lack.

Behold! thy mast lies shattered before the swift south wind,  
Listen! the yards are creaking, the ropes no longer bind,  
Strength to endure the boisterous waves thy keel can hardly find.

Now all thy sails are ragged; the gods are swept away  
To whom, borne down by peril, thy quaking soul would pray,  
Though lofty be thy lineage, its pride is vain to-day.

The power and name thou boastest are now of no avail,  
Thy stern is gayly painted, and still thy seamen quail,  
Beware lest thou art made the sport of every idle gale.

Ah! dearly loved, my country; my fond yet heavy care!  
Thy discords lately wearied me, but now I breathe a prayer  
That thee the tides of faction, the glittering rocks may spare.

HELEN LEAH REED.

\* Written by Horace to persuade his countrymen not to permit Augustus to give up the government of the Empire. Englished by the winner of the Harvard medal for Latin versification.



## HE TALKS AS HE SHOOT.

[The Second of a Series of Illustrated Interviews.]

"Most Americans are kind of guarded in their speech when they run up against a king or a duke, and they spoil the whole business," remarked "Buffalo Bill" Cody, with a little gesture of his right hand. "But I was myself. I didn't put on any Sunday-go-to-meetin' talk; I didn't give them company conversation. I just banged away, and they said 'this fellow's just lovely.'"

Colonel William F. Cody is a remarkable man. He is the only hero of no end of dime novels who has been lionized in the Courts of Europe. And what he has to say about his experiences abroad is very interesting indeed.

A great English lord once said that Colonel Cody was the finest man he had ever seen. That very curious personage, who might be called "the late Berry Wall," once said that Colonel Cody was the best dressed man he had ever met.

When a man has received such high indorsements as these, it is a good thing to know how he looks now. These are some of his physical characteristics:

He is six feet one inch in height.

He weighs two hundred and fourteen pounds.

His hair is fourteen inches long.

He has a mustache and imperial, said to be the finest worn by any living man.

Certainly those characteristics are sufficient to distinguish any man. But height and weight give no idea of the breadth of Colonel Cody's shoulders or the perfect symmetry of his figure. Nor do they tell anything of his manly face. His eyes are a clear gray, and deeply set. He has the delicate aquiline nose of a patrician. His mustache, glossy and streaked with gray, curls daintily upward at the ends. Just under the lip, the imperial has a dash of white, and it is parted a little, then it waves downward to a point. The silky hair, which was once so black, is turning gray, and it is getting thin on top, which is a great pity.

Colonel Cody always wears a white felt hat, with a



"THE PRINCE OF WALES SAID:—"

brim five inches wide. Just now he wears a brown frock coat, with a wide lapel faced with silk, that hangs loosely. His turned-down collar is very low, leaving a triangular space below his neck. A white scarf covers his shirt-bosom. In this scarf is a buffalo's head, made of small diamonds. A very heavy gold watchchain, with a big diamond horseshoe, spreads itself across his waistcoat. He wears fine boots, and his feet are long and slender.

For the rest, he has a native dignity, which makes him look as much at home in the House of Lords as any man who ever sat there, the simplicity of a modest man who has done great deeds on the plains, and a soft, musical voice.

This is precisely how he impressed the man who heard him talk at the Hoffman House about his life in Europe.

"The Prince of Wales," said Colonel Cody, "is as fine a man as you ever met. He's a good fellow. When he's a friend, he's always a friend. I don't believe I have a better friend to-day than he is. He is the kind of a man you like to be with. I've noticed that the higher up you go the easier the members of the nobility are to approach. He made me the lion of the season. But it was hard work! I had to get out of my buckskins into my dress suit. But, you see, I acted the same in one suit as I did in the other, and I got along lovely."

"The Princess of Wales set the fashion of riding in my Deadwood coach. Then all the great swells used to come and ride in it. I used to drive them. One day I had four kings in the coach—the King of Sweden, the King of Belgium, the King of Denmark and the King of Saxony. The Prince of Wales climbed up on the boot with me. After we had finished, the Prince turned to me and said:

"Colonel, I suppose you never held four kings before?"

"Oh, yes, I've held four kings many a time," I said, "but I never held four kings and the royal joker before." He laughed. He plays poker himself and he can play a mighty good game, too. I've sat in with him and seen him bluff high. Oh! I got along splendidly in society. It struck me just as easy as old shoes. Royalty and nobility didn't scare me for a cent.

"They are the loveliest people. Of course, when the Prince of Wales takes you up the other fellows have to follow suit. But they all seemed glad to have me with them. They did everything they could for me. There was Henry Irving. I never met a broader-minded or more catholic man. I was a fellow-competitor in the same line

of business, and yet he went far out of his way to help me. He could not have been more generous."

The Colonel is restless in a room, and is constantly changing his position. The only gesture he makes in talking is to turn the palm of his right hand outward. He told



"PRINCE LEOPOLD IS A BRICK."

how he and Red Shirt, his handsomest Indian, had gone to a fox-hunt. Red Shirt objected to the little English saddle and rode bareback. He kept his horse with the dogs all the way and was the first in at the death.

When Colonel Cody went to Paris it dazed him. He says that "Paris is like a parlor-match. It goes off in a hurrah and keeps it up all the time." He liked President Carnot very much.

"When we went to Spain they had 'the dinky.' That's what they call the influenza. In order to stir things up, I advertised one morning that I would wager that my cowboys could lasso and ride the wildest and biggest bull in Spain within three minutes. My, what a row that made in Barcelona! The next morning, before I was out of bed, there were forty bull-fighters at the hotel. I called my interpreter and went down to see them. They were wild. They wanted to know how much I would bet. I knew I was making a terrible small bluff on a small pair, and I told them one hundred thousand pesetas. That frightened them. Finally, I got down to one hundred pesetas. That is twenty dollars. Then I found that they did not want to bet at all. They said that perhaps it could be done, but if I did it their business would be ruined; so I withdrew the challenge.

"Rome," remarked the Colonel, with the air of one who would do full justice, and squinting his eyes as if he could see it through the tobacco-smoke, "Rome is a fine town. I liked Rome. It's kind of old and musty, but the people are lovely. I intended to show in the Colosseum, but it's kind of rickety and out of repair. Besides," he continued, cheerfully, "the people had some little feeling about it. I don't know why; we wouldn't have hurt the place any. In fact, we would have had to have made some repairs which would have placed it in better condition."

The cowboys tamed the wildest and strongest horses in Rome that they ever saw. These belonged to the Duke of Seminetti. A lasso thrown about their heads would snap like yarn. Colonel Cody and his cowboys mastered them, of course, and created wild excitement.



"THEY'VE KILLED THE KING!"

"Why, it was like the old days in the Colosseum when they brought in the wild beasts to be killed by the wild beasts," remarked the Colonel. "The Romans hadn't seen anything so thrilling and shuddering since then."

But it was when Buffalo Bill reached the German countries that he had the best time. They seemed to think that he was a very wonderful creature indeed. He was dined and wined and received no end of honors. It must have been a very curious picture to see this big, broad-shouldered Westerner, with his frontier ways, among those polished noblemen. His black, long hair must have seemed strange beside the blonde, closely-cropped officers in their gay uniforms. They seemed to think that his long coat on the street and his buckskins about the show were most attractive. But he didn't patronize them, not too much, and he did not allow them to patronize him at all. He is talking again:

"Prince Leopold is a brick," he was saying, in his easy, off-hand way. "You see, the King of Bavaria was insane, and they had him shut up in a castle. They call the Prince Regent the King. While we were in Munich, the King used to run down every day and have a chat. We got to be kind of 'pals.' He's as good a fellow as you want to 'stack up against.'"

"One day the King came to me and said: 'Colonel, I don't want to spoil your business; but my officers think that you put some tacks or something under those horses of yours to make them jump around that way!' 'Your Highness,' I says, looking kind of injured, 'everything in this show is just as it is on the programme. Them buck-jumpers are spoiled horses and nobody can do anything with them.' 'Well,' he says, 'I'd like to come around and examine the saddle and things so that I can tell my officers.' I told him that nothing would give me greater pleasure. He said that he would come at eight o'clock the next morning. Now, His Highness had forgotten that he had an engagement for that hour, and so he came earlier.

"I had arranged so that I would reach the grounds sharp at eight o'clock. I was riding along, when one of my men rushed up and yelled to me to 'hurry up.' He said they had killed the King.

"Hello!" I says, 'if they've killed the King, I'd better be getting my freight out of Bavaria mighty quick.' I jabbered at the driver with all the German I knew and made him hurry along. I never was so scared in my life.



A NIMROD OF TO-DAY.

When I got there the King was just coming to. Then I heard the story. It was like this:

"The King had reached the grounds about seven o'clock. He had the saddles, bridles and blankets brought out and he examined to see that there was nothing 'crooked' about them. Then he ordered the men to bring out the bucking horses. The men saddled them, and then they asked the King to step out of the arena into one of the boxes. They told him that there was no telling which way the horse would jump, and it was as likely to leap on top of him as not. But he said he would stay where he was and ordered the man to mount. Of course the man had to obey a king. There was no way out of it.

"No sooner had the cowboy got his foot in the stirrup than the little horse lunged. It was a regular French siff, as we call it. And he started right for the King. Billy Langdon, who has only one arm and who weighs two hundred pounds, but who can drive six mules as well as any man alive, had just time to throw himself between the horse and the King. The horse struck him and they all went down together, rolling over and over in a heap, horse, rider, Billy and the King. Billy was on top of the King.

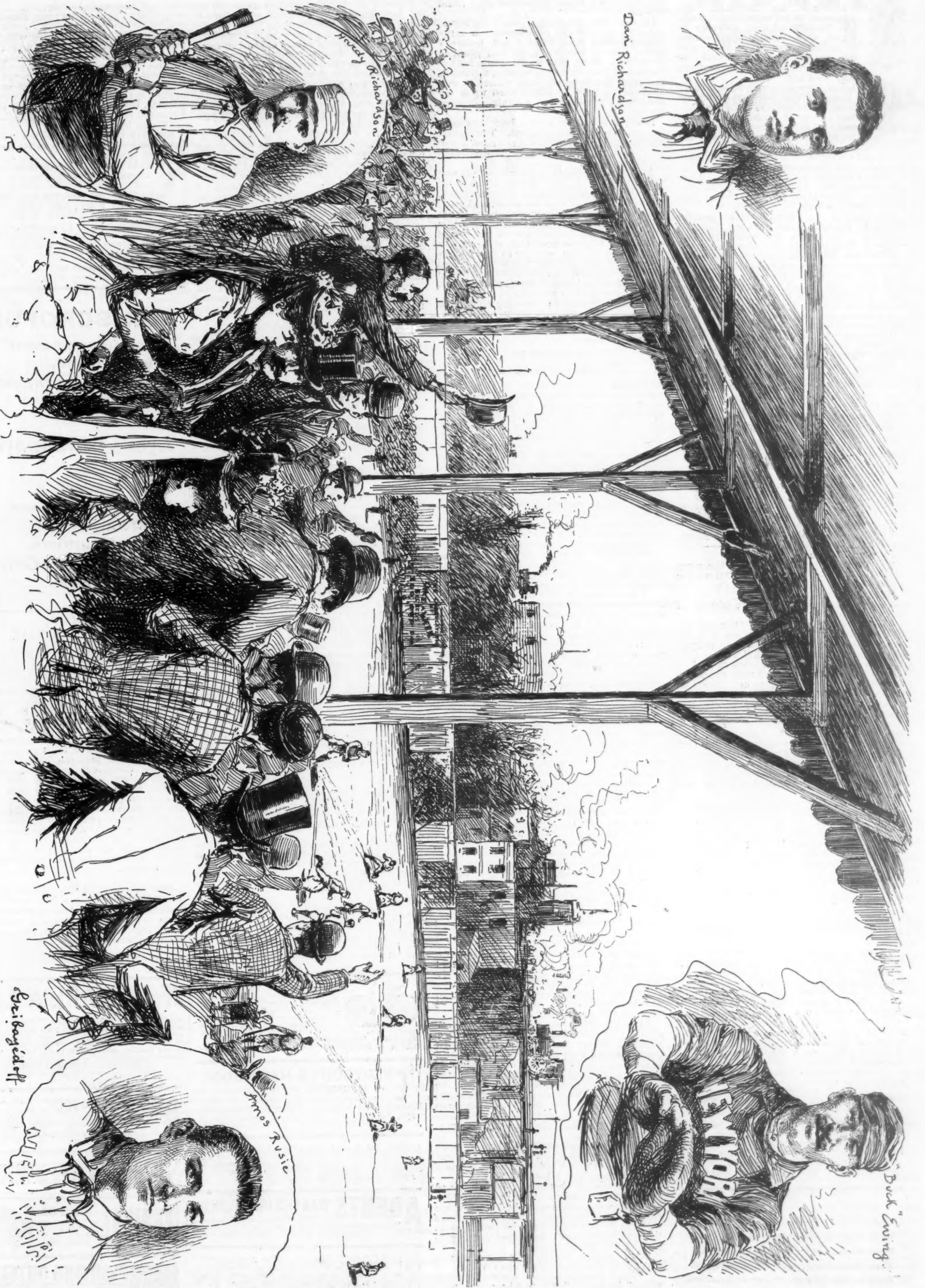
"When the King straightened up again he wanted us to go on with the show. I told him that he had better get out of the arena, but he said he would stay where he was. He thought he could take care of himself. He stayed there, too. This time the horse didn't jump toward him. Oh, he's a game old cock, and he's sixty-five years old, too."

Any man who feels at liberty to call the King of a German country "a pal" and "a game old cock" is certainly a very wonderful man; for their dignity is immeasurable. But Colonel Cody does it in a calm, superior sort of way that makes it seem most natural. He hopes that the King speaks of him in the same way.

Now you have some idea of the unfamiliar side of the man who is the foremost hero of every boy in this country. Everyone knows of "Buffalo Bill" as the hunter of the plains, the daring Indian scout and the crack shot. His earlier fame grows more interesting as the years roll by, because he's the last of a long line of mighty hunters.

He's the Nimrod of to-day!





NEW YORK VS. WASHINGTON.  
OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON IN NEW YORK AT THE POLO GROUNDS.



## ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

“You are right,” Mr. Croft said. “She was safer in her sepulchre. Pray, Mr. Dickenson, that she may be found, even by the bloodhounds of the Law, and taken back from the wicked, wicked world; or pray, leaning forward, ‘that you may find her.’”

“Yes,” I said, slowly; “and what then?” “What then? Bring her here to me—to one who loves her better than his life!” “With the charge of murder still hanging over her?” I asked.

“Yes,” he returned, “yes! I know her innocent.”

I leant forward; I took both his hands in mine. My chance had come now.

“You know her innocent,” I said. “Dare you prove it, Mr. Croft? You say that you love her better than your life; show that your words are true.”

He clasped my hands with painful strength; his long nails hurt my flesh.

“How?” he asked, his eyes blazing—“How? Tell me how, for God’s sake!”

“You are old,” I said, slowly; “at most, you have but a few years to live; life can have but few charms for you. Speak out now what you feared to speak five years ago. Tell the truth at last, and clear the woman you say you love!”

A cunning look entered his eyes; he bent his face close to mine.

“Yes, yes,” he said; “I’ll tell the truth, the truth I feared to tell five years ago. Hush! whisper it: what was the truth?”

“You know,” I said, looking him straight in his wild, cunning eyes. “You loved Miss Moore, and your master loved her, too. You felt that you could not live without her, and your master was going to make her his wife. You tried to battle with the feeling; but jealousy would spring up in your heart.”

“Yes,” he answered, more like a child repeating a lesson than anything else; “jealousy would spring up in my heart.”

“You saw Miss Moore unhappy,” I went on. “She did not love your master; she would marry him only from motives of gratitude. She might, you thought, marry you from love. Anyway, she would be happier if he were dead.”

“Yes, yes!” he said, feverishly. “Go on, go on! Happier if he were dead!”

I changed my mode of attack.

“You remember the night of the murder,” I said; “tell me about it, tell me the truth about it.”

He shook his head slowly.

“No, no,” he answered; “you tell me. I can’t remember.”

“Very well,” I answered. “Correct me, if I am wrong. And remember, it is for the woman that you love that at last you are acknowledging the truth.”

He bowed his head, and I went on:

“On the night of the murder, you knew that Miss Moore was to give her answer on the following day; you knew that she was unhappy; and so, when everyone else had gone to bed, when the house was quiet, you went to your master’s room to reason with him, to ask him to give up the idea of this unnatural marriage; and he, knowing that you loved her, laughed at you, taunted you with your love and jealousy. And then, in a moment of irresponsible madness, you caught up the knife lying beside the bed, and—

“Killed him!” the old man screamed, jumping from his chair—“killed him! My God! why did I not say it before? Five years in worse than a sepulchre, and I might have saved her! Why did I not say it before? Is it too late now? Surely not! Before all the world, I’ll swear it! Jealousy made me mad, and I killed him!”

I caught his arm.

“And the knife,” I asked—“where is the knife? We must have the knife, the blood-stained knife!”

He looked at me vacantly for a moment; then again the cunning look came into his eyes.

“Find it,” he said, softly. “Any knife will do. Stain it with blood—my blood, if you like—and I’ll swear to it. If I drop down like the liars of old, I’ll swear to it!”

I felt my fevered blood grow suddenly cold. Was it possible that, after all, I was mistaken; that he was not guilty; that he was only entering, as he thought, into a scheme to free the woman he loved? I entertained the idea for a moment, then put it away. He was a madman, with all a madman’s cunning.

“Think,” I said—“think! What did you do with the knife?”

“Tell me,” he returned, whispering. “What did I do with it? Did I bury it, throw it into the river, or have I it now?”

“You have it now,” I said, making a bold stroke. “Don’t you know?—you put it away with the phonograph. Give it to me, for the sake of the woman you love.”

“And you will take it to the police,” he said, his eyes more cunning than ever.

“And you will tell them what I say, that I killed my master because—because—I forget why. But you will write it out and I will learn it and swear to every word in the Court. And the knife—you shall have the knife, the blood-stained knife. Who can tell one man’s blood from another? And it is for her!”

He rose from his chair, crossed the room, opened a cabinet and took from it a large double-bladed clasp-knife; and, before I knew what he was doing, he had plunged it into his arm; and would have held it there, had I not rushed to his side, wrenched the knife from his clasp and pulled it out. Then, as his head fell backward upon my shoulder, I lifted him to a chair and rang the bell for Mary.

In a quarter of an hour I had bandaged the arm and put him to bed. The wound was not dangerous, and did not need a doctor; but I decided to stop at Wood Green for the night.

And through the long hours, as I sat and watched him, I had plenty of time for thought; and my thoughts were confused, indeed. Now and then he would wake and ask me what he was to say when the police took him to prison. And I tried to put him off, to make him forget what we had talked about; for I knew now that either I was wrong and he had nothing to do with the murder, or else that the memory of it had left him. He had thought that I had meant him to sacrifice himself for Miss Moore, and he had been willing to do it.

Almost I despaired of proving my darling innocent. If he was not guilty, who was?

## CHAPTER XI.

I DISAPPOINT MR. NEWBOND.

THOUGH my professional work scarcely necessitated my early presence at my office, or, indeed, to be candid, my presence at all, yet, as I was anxious for news from my old friend, Miss Loft’s, of Miss Moore, I left Wood Green early, promising Miss Croft that I would come out at any time if she telegraphed or wrote. But her brother seemed quite comfortable, and the wound, fortunately, was only a superficial one; so there was really little fear that I should be sent for.

“Is he quite mad now?” Mary asked, as she said “Good-bye” to me. “Is he likely to hurt himself again? Ought we to have someone with him?”

“I think not,” I answered, reassuringly. “The wound was an accident.” (What else could I say?) “I do not think that you need fear that your brother will be more strange than he has been for years now.”

“I am very glad,” she said, quietly; “but if I want you or he wants you, you will come; though why should you trouble—”

“Certainly I will come,” I said, “and it will be no trouble.”

Arrived at Broad Street Station, I took a cab straight to my chambers. If Miss Loft’s had written, she would have written there.

The inn looked as it always did look during winter-time—gloomy, melancholy. As I turned the corner to my chambers, I met Stone.

“Hallo, old fellow! what are you doing here?” I said.

“Looking for you, of course,” he returned, not too cheerfully. “You did not think that I was walking in this God-forsaken hole for amusement, did you? Do you never sleep at home?”

“Always, I may almost say,” I answered; “but last night I went to Wood Green to see whether by any chance Miss Moore had gone there.”

“And had she?” Stone asked, sharply.

“No,” I returned. “It was an absurd idea thinking that she might have; how should she have known the address? But during the evening Mr. Croft met with a slight accident, and so I stayed the night. Have you or any of your satellites heard of Miss Moore?”

“Oh, I don’t know!” Stone said, peevishly. “I believe they are following up someone; but whether it is Miss Moore or not, goodness only knows.”

I felt my heart stand still for a moment, then thump madly on. Thank heaven that the heart is not visible, and that the face early learns to dissemble!

“Well, if they are looking up somebody, that is something,” I said, cheerfully. “I suppose you don’t know any more?”

“I know all there is to know,” Stone answered. “An officer in plain clothes, standing under the arches of the Law Courts, saw a man and a woman get into a hansom-cab at two o’clock on the night of the day that Miss Moore escaped from the asylum. The cabman has been found; he drove them to Dulwich; then they changed cabs, it seems. But the second cabman has been found; he drove them to Palace Road, Sydenham. Like all cabmen, I suppose they looked through the top of the cab; the man and woman scarcely spoke at all, both men say, and were certainly not lovers. I believe it is a false scent. Had it been you and Miss Moore—”

“We certainly should not have behaved like lovers, whatever that particular behavior may be, as interpreted by a London cabman,” I interrupted. “But I should have thought by this time that you had come to the conclusion that I have had nothing to do with this disappearance.”

Stone looked at me for a moment as though he almost despised me.

“Then I wonder you are not out of your mind,” he said. “If it had been my Dorothy—”

“It would have been a very different thing,” I said, interrupting again. “You

are engaged to her; she is to be your wife.”

“I know she is,” he answered, “God bless her! And a very short while ago you said, if ever you could set Miss Moore free you would make her your wife.”

“I know it; and while you were aware of the fact, knowing perfectly well that I loved her, you were hunting like a bloodhound on her track; you were, if anything, keener than anyone about capturing her; you were more disappointed than you could say because on the morning after the night of your search you found another cupboard which you had not turned out! If I have any sentimental feelings in my heart with regard to Miss Moore, you can scarcely expect me to lay them bare to you. Will you come in, Stone?”

“No—yes, I will come. You can’t see it, of course, Dickenson, but I was only doing my duty that night; now Molesworth and the others have gone back, and I am left here billeted at Anderson’s for the detectives to report to, and it’s beastly dull. I thought, perhaps, you would help me to kill time.”

“So I will,” I said, heartily. “I can guess why you are so angered at staying in London, and I sympathize with you thoroughly, though you would not sympathize with me. Come to the office for me at six, and we’ll dine together at the Cock, then take a turn at one of the theaters.”

“All right,” Stone said, as I opened the doors of my chambers, “and in the meantime I think I will call upon Mrs. Towlinson.”

“What for?” I asked, quickly.

“Oh, merely to pass the time. May I use one of your pipes, old fellow?”

“Of course; stop here and smoke, if you like. I must get my letters and be off to the office.”

I took my letters from the floor where they had fallen through the letter slit—there was no box—and bundled them quickly into my pocket. One of the postmarks I had seen was Sydenham, and the writing was my old friend’s.

“Oh, all right; don’t let me keep you,” Stone said, calmly going down on his knees and lighting the stove. “I daresay I shall make myself comfortable here for an hour or so.”

“Do,” I returned; “you will find whisky in that cupboard over there and tobacco in the jar. Good-bye for the present, old man; mind you shut the doors when you come out.”

“Yes, of course; good-bye! Six o’clock, mind!”

I left Stone seated in my own particular easy-chair, puffing away at my own particularly favorite pipe, and when I had shut the door I paused for a moment to think. They had traced the cabs as far as Sydenham. What if they had traced Miss Moore to Miss Loft’s house? What if they were watching for her now—if they should find her after all, and take her back?

I hurried across to my office before I opened my letters; then I broke the seal of the one from Miss Loft’s.

It was short, but long enough to drive the blood from my face. This is what I read:

“DEAR LAL—I fear our house is being watched. Will you write and say what I had better do, or would it be safe for you to come?”

“Yours affectionately,  
“JANE LOFTS.”

Over and over again I read the letter, though the words were engraven upon my memory. What could I do? I knew no other house where I could take Miss Moore.

I turned almost mechanically to my other letters; the writing of the next I opened was quite unknown to me, but I had scarcely read a line before I was sure from whom it came.

“DEAR MR. DICKENSON,” it ran—“I have heard of Miss Moore’s escape from the asylum, and I rejoice. If you had anything to do with it, if you know where she is, and are troubled about a home of refuge for her, bring her to me; my housekeeper will

be proud to look after her, and she shall stay with me if she likes until you constitute yourself her legal protector.

“Destroy this as soon as you have read it. Any time to-day I shall be glad to see you.”

“Yours obediently,  
“STEPHEN NEWBOND.”

I was more than delighted with this letter from the soft-hearted lawyer; another home was found for Miss Moore; the only trouble would now be, how to get her there. The best thing I could do, I thought, would be to go and see Mr. Newbond at once. I opened my other letters, which were unimportant, then rose from my chair to go. As I reached my door my clerk knocked.

“Come in,” I said.

My clerk came in. I had not noticed before that he had not been in his room when I passed through it.

“Well,” I said, “this is a nice time to put in an appearance!”

He looked at me reproachfully.

“Why, sir,” he said, “I have been here more than an hour; but I had to go out, sir.”

“Had to go out?” I repeated.

“Yes,” he answered, lowering his voice mysteriously; “she has been here.”

“She?” I asked, still more puzzled.

(Continued on page 15.)

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## ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

(Continued from page 14.)

"Yes, sir—Mrs. Towlinson; she wanted to see you, and she would scarcely believe that you had not come because I would not show her into your office, thinking some other time you might be there when I had to tell her you were out; so she waited half an hour and then she said I must take her across to your chambers. Well, sir, you know you cannot absolutely say 'No' to a lady; so out we went together, and if I did not see you just coming out of the Inn. She did not notice you, though, you being on the other side of the road; so I walked with her down Fleet street as far as Fetter Lane, then we crossed over and I took her in at that entrance, showed her your door and left her knocking at it. I expect she will be back again soon, sir; she seemed determined to see you."

"In that case," I said, "I had better see her. I am going out now; tell Mrs. Towlinson, if she returns, that I shall be in at three o'clock this afternoon."

"Very well, sir; what had I better do this morning?"

I felt inclined to say 'Do what you like,' but upon second thoughts it seemed scarcely fair to me to engage a clerk and give him nothing to do; so I opened the safe and got out an antiquated deed and gave it to him to copy.

"I daresay you have copied it before," I said; "but I want more than one copy."

"Yes, sir; and if anyone besides Mrs. Towlinson calls?"

"I shall be in at three."

I left my office and walked toward Lincoln's Inn Fields. Both Mr. Newbond and Mr. Drafter were in. I asked to see the senior partner and was shown immediately into his room; he was busy writing, but he rose and came toward me directly I entered.

"My dear Mr. Dickenson," he said, taking my hand and shaking it heartily, "this is good of you! Now, I wonder if you have any news for me? I—wait one moment."

He touched a gong and a clerk entered.

"I am particularly engaged, Black," he said; "see that I am not disturbed."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Dickenson," he said, "sit down and tell me all about everything. I feel sure that you were instrumental in that dear young lady's escape from the asylum."

"No," I said, taking a seat close to the pleasant fire, "I had nothing to do with it."

His expression changed; he was evidently disappointed, and I certainly fell in the romantic old man's estimation.

"Nothing to do with it," he repeated.

"I am sorry, Mr. Dickenson—more sorry than I can say. Then you know nothing about her?"

"Oh, yes I do!" I said, smiling. "I had nothing to do with her escape, but she came to me."

Mr. Newbond jumped up from his seat and came close to my chair.

"She came to you?" he repeated, in an excited whisper.

I told him the whole history of finding her by the door of my chambers; of hiding her in the cupboard; of the search of the doctors, and of taking her out to Sydenham.

"And now," I said, handing him Miss Loft's letter, "I have received this note: if I had not heard from you this morning, I should not have known what to do with Miss Moore."

"And now you will entrust her to me?" he said, his cheeks flushing and his eyes shining with benevolence and excitement.

"God bless my soul, how pleased I shall be to have her, poor dear young lady! My housekeeper will look after her like a mother; and if your good friend Miss Loft will come to me, too, you don't know how proud I shall be. I assure you, Mr. Dickenson, I have never been quite happy since that dear young lady was locked up. You know, of course, that I proposed to her while she was uncertain of her fate; but you need not be jealous, I shall love her like a father. And now, how are we to get her to my house? I can send the carriage over to Sydenham, of course."

"It would be a long way to send it," I answered. "I think if you will give me your private address, I had better bring Miss Moore to your house. The garden of my friend's house goes down to a field; if I find that the back of the house is not being watched, I shall get Miss Moore away by the garden-gate, walk across the fields and then take the train or the first cab I can get. If I cannot manage that way, I must think of some other; but I think if we had your carriage we should be followed to a certainty."

(To be continued.)

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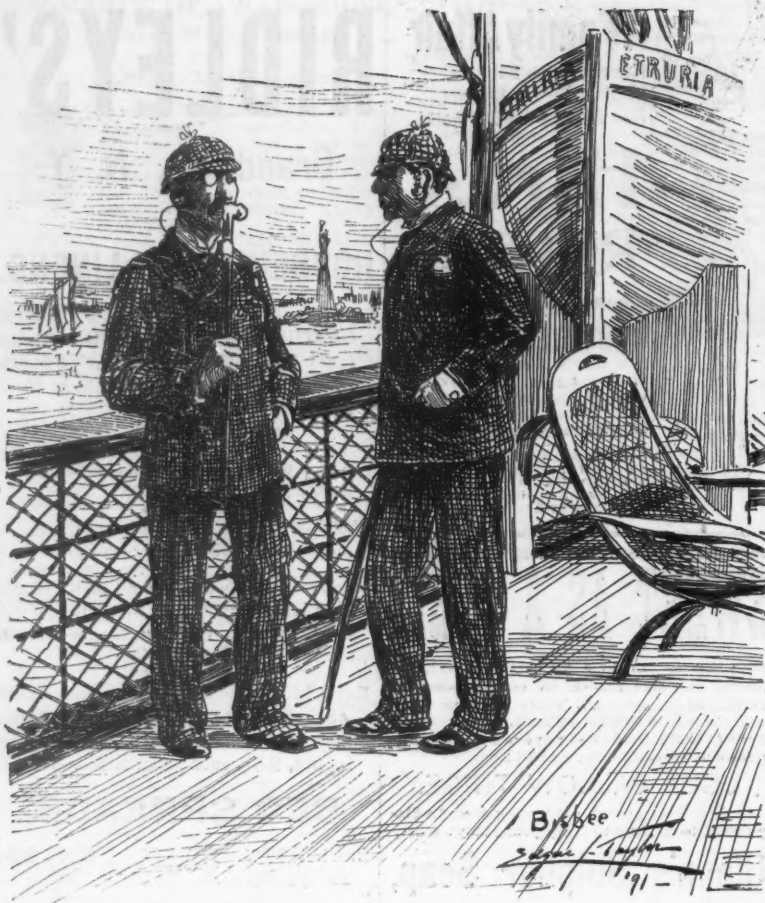
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